# SHUTTER ISLAND

Screenplay by Laeta Kalogridis

Adapted from the novel by Dennis Lehane

October 3, 2007
Writer's Draft

*Is it like this*
*In death's other kingdom*
*Waking alone*
*At the hour when we are*
*Trembling with tenderness*
*Lips that would kiss*
*Form prayers to broken stone...*

*... Between the idea*
*And the reality*
*Between the motion*
*And the act*
*Falls the Shadow...*

*... Between the potency*
*And the existence*
*Between the essence*
*And the descent*

*Falls the Shadow.*

-- T.S. Eliot, excerpts from *The Hollow Men*

FADE IN:

EXT. FERRY ON WATER -- MORNING

The fog TWISTS over the water, a thick and almost impenetrable CURTAIN -- that suddenly PARTS, to reveal:

A FERRY

older, banged-up and square-edged, plowing through the water of the Outer Harbor, headed toward the islands.

SUPERIMPOSE: SEPTEMBER 21, 1954

SFX PRELAP the sound of A MAN RETCHING, loud and miserable.

INT. FERRY HEAD -- MORNING

The tiny HEAD, dingy, peeling paint, a blurry MIRROR.

A MAN, late 30's, is bent over the toilet, PUKING his guts out. He raises his head, LOOKS at himself in the mirror --

Meet **TEDDY DANIELS.**

Square-jawed, strong build, a born fighter with something WARY around his eyes. He wears a clean-cut SUIT, but there's a sense of DANGER to him; he's SCARRED, on the inside.

He SPLASHES WATER on his face, his coat falling OPEN as he leans forward -- first we see his HIDEOUS FLORAL TIE --

-- and then we glimpse the GUN holstered at his waist, and the BADGE at his belt -- U.S. MARSHALL.

TEDDY
Get it together, Teddy. It's just fucking water.

He turns his head, looks out the PORTHOLE at the ENDLESS OCEAN outside the boat --

TEDDY (CONT'D)
A lot of fucking water.

He RINSES his face in the sink, mops his forehead.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(repeating)
Get it together.

INT. FERRY CARGO HOLD -- DAY

Teddy comes out of the head into the converted CARGO HOLD that forms the belly of the ship.

The hold has been STRIPPED of everything but SHEET METAL that covers the floors; the room is resoundingly EMPTY.

STEEL BENCHES run under the barred windows, bolted to the floor with THICK BLACK POSTS at both ends --

MANACLES AND CHAINS

hang in piles from the posts, empty and cold, ominous as sleeping snakes.

Teddy picks up his OVERCOAT from where it lays slung over one of the benches, his footsteps ECHOING as he goes up.

EXT. FERRY ON WATER -- MORNING

Teddy emerges onto the deck, SQUINTING a little in the SUN.

A TALL, GANGLY MAN in his mid-30's stands at the railing, watching the dark water race by beneath the prow.

He's dressed like Teddy, crisp but government-bland suit and hat, the bulge of a GUN at his belt. This is **CHUCK AULE**.

Chuck is GOOD-NATURED, quick with a smile or a joke; but beneath that easygoing confidence there's a QUICK, SHARP INTELLIGENCE that doesn't miss a thing.

CHUCK
You ok, boss?

TEDDY
(gutting it out)
Fine.

Teddy moves to the railing, still looking QUEASY -- he reaches the railing, can't hide a SHAKE in his hands.

CHUCK
(suggesting, tactful)
Look at the horizon.
(off Teddy's glance, explaining)
It's the only way to fight it -- gotta get out of your own head. Concentrate on something that doesn't change, doesn't move.

Teddy glances out at the SKYLINE -- he looks UNCONVINCED.

TEDDY
Everything changes.

Chuck's gaze doesn't waver from the horizon.

CHUCK
Not the sky.

Teddy keeps his eye on the skyline for a long moment -- and it seems to WORK. He stands STRAIGHTER, looks less queasy.

TEDDY
(ruefully)
Not the best way to meet your new partner, with my head halfway down the toilet --

CHUCK
(a quick grin)
Doesn't exactly square with "Teddy Daniels: the man, the legend," I'll give you that.

Teddy shakes his head, looks a little IRRITATED.

TEDDY
"The legend?" What the fuck are you boys smoking out there in Portland, anyway?

CHUCK
Seattle. I came from the office in Seattle.

Leaning against the railing, Teddy glances at him, casual but appraising.

TEDDY
How long you been with the marshals?

CHUCK
Four years.

TEDDY
So you know how small it is.

Chuck glances at him, hearing the unasked question:

CHUCK
You want to know how come I transferred.

Teddy SHRUGS, but it's not a denial. He's listening.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(a beat, then:)
My girlfriend, she's Japanese. I mean, American as you or me, born here, but -- she grew up in one of the camps. There's still a lot of tension out there -- Portland, Tacoma --

TEDDY
(finishing the thought)
-- Seattle.

CHUCK
Yeah.
(beat)
No one liked seeing me with a slanty-eyed Jap girl. So they transferred me.

Chuck seems to realize he's showing a little more than he wanted to, quickly CHANGES THE SUBJECT.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
What about you? Got a girl? Married?

TEDDY
I was.

FLASH TO LIGHTNING-QUICK IMAGES --

*BRIGHT and VIBRANT with color, RACING BY in SPLIT SECONDS --*

*A WOMAN drinking from a cup of coffee -- SMILING as she butters toast -- DANCING in a rainstorm --*

*Bare-legged in one of Teddy's shirts, standing behind him as he gets dressed in a mirror, giving him the HIDEOUS FLORAL TIE, laughing as she helps him TIE IT.*

*She's BEAUTIFUL, smiling, RADIANT with happiness --*

BACK TO SCENE

ON TEDDY'S FACE as he looks out at the DARKENING sky, BRUISED STORMCLOUDS gathering low against the water.

His voice doesn't change, FLAT and factual, as he says simply:

TEDDY (CONT'D)
She died.

Chuck looks STARTLED, turning from the railing --

CHUCK
Jesus, boss, I didn't --

TEDDY
It's ok. There was a fire in our apartment building, while I was at work.

Teddy has started DIGGING in his pockets, looking for his CIGARETTES, avoiding looking at Chuck.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Four people died. It was the smoke that got her. Not the fire. That's important.

CHUCK
I -- I'm sorry.

Teddy is turning his pockets inside out now, rifling with increasing FRUSTRATION through his overcoat and jacket.

TEDDY
Where are my goddamned cigarettes?

CHUCK
Have one of mine.

Teddy looks up -- Chuck is shaking out a cigarette, offers it to him like an APOLOGY.

Teddy takes the cigarette, as Chuck flips open his Zippo.

TEDDY
I could have sworn mine were in my jacket when I boarded --

CHUCK
(wry grin)
Government employees. Rob you blind.

Chuck lights his own cigarette, as Teddy blows out smoke.

TEDDY
You get any kind of briefing about the institution before you left?

CHUCK
(shrugging)
A mental hospital, that's all I know.

Teddy gives him an even look.

TEDDY
For the criminally insane.

Chuck grins, lopsided and good-natured.

CHUCK
Well, if it was just folks hearing voices and chasing butterflies, I guess they wouldn't need us.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRY ON WATER OFF SHUTTER ISLAND -- DAY

TEDDY AND CHUCK stand at the prow of the ferry, rising wind TUGGING at their overcoats, as

SHUTTER ISLAND

rises in front of them.

The BEACH is a rocky strip at the base of a SCRUB PLAIN, which slopes sharply UPWARD toward THE ISLAND CENTER.

A SINGLE ROAD twists through the tangled underbrush, BUILDINGS peeking THROUGH overgrown trees at the island's crown.

THE FERRY CAPTAIN comes up beside them.

CHUCK
That's where we're headed?

Chuck is looking over the water -- Teddy follows his gaze to

A SPARE, FUNCTIONAL-LOOKING DOCK that JUTS out from the beach.

FERRY CAPTAIN
(nods brusquely)
Other side of the island is rock bluffs, straight down to the water. No place to land, nor even moor. The dock, it's the only way on. Or off.

TEDDY
Probably came in handy when this was a POW camp.

CHUCK
The island was a camp?

TEDDY
Back in the Civil War. They built a fort there and barracks -- it was a battalion HQ for a while, before they started using it for Confederate prisoners.

FERRY CAPTAIN
We'll be casting off again as soon as you two are ashore: I'd appreciate if you were quick about it.

TEDDY
Why?

The Captain nods toward the horizon --

DARK, LOOMING STORMCLOUDS are rolling across the choppy water.

FERRY CAPTAIN
Storm's comin'.

Teddy glances away from the clouds, towards the beach --

ON THE DOCK, TWO GUARDS in dark blue uniforms flank A MAN striding up to the dock, watching the ferry's approach.

TEDDY
Yeah.

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

CLOSE ON A STAR-SHAPED BADGE, gleaming for an instant before a leather wallet flap FLIPS SHUT over it --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
*I've never seen a marshal's badge before.*

WIDEN as the Man -- MCPHERSON -- returns the wallet to Teddy.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
I'm Deputy Warden McPherson, gentlemen. Welcome to Shutter Island.
(heads to the jeep)
I'll be taking you up to Ashecliffe.

Teddy glances back at the GUARDS, stepping onto the jeep's open back -- their faces are WARY and HARD, almost HOSTILE.

TEDDY
Your boys seem a little on edge, Mr. McPherson.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Right now, Marshal? We all are.

The jeep starts up the steep, narrow road.

EXT. COMPOUND -- DAY

The jeep drives up the road; steep slopes of tangled SEA GRASS which give way to THICK STANDS of dense TREES.

They pass a few small BUILDINGS, and then --

A GRAVEYARD

surprisingly large, surrounded by a broken-down iron and stone fence, OVERGROWN grass and GRANITE HEADSTONES.

The jeep rounds a final bend, coming out of the tree cover to

A TEN-FOOT HIGH BRICK WALL

curving away in both directions, HUGE, seeming to span the entire center of the island.

It's topped with rolls of RAZORWIRE -- and above that,

A SINGLE STRIP OF PLAIN WIRE

tops the wall, strung between thick metal POLES, a continuous LINE along the whole structure.

TEDDY
(low, to Chuck)
Up there -- electrified perimeter.

Chuck glances up at the wall, squints at the WIRE uncertainly.

CHUCK
You sure?

There's something TIGHT behind Teddy's eyes.

TEDDY
I've seen something like it before.

McPherson pulls the jeep up to the gate, and STOPS.

TWO MORE GUARDS come from the gate, standing on either side of the jeep with that same look of HOSTILITY.

McPherson NODS to one of the Guards -- and they UNLOCK the gate, swinging it open --

-- revealing a GLIMPSE of the compound beyond. BUILDINGS rise over manicured lawns, clusters of PATIENTS and ORDERLIES.

Before Teddy and Chuck can start through the gate, McPherson steps in front of it.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
All right, it's my job to give you guys the basic lay of the land.

McPherson suddenly seems more SERIOUS, older.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
(all business)
You gentlemen will be accorded all the courtesies we can offer, and all the help we can give; but during your stay, you <u>will</u> obey protocol. Is that understood?

Teddy nods, Chuck answers:

CHUCK
Absolutely.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Unmonitored contact with the patients of this institution is expressly forbidden. Is that understood?

They both NOD again.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
If you look past me on my left, you'll see two red brick buildings.

Teddy and Chuck look THROUGH THE GATE, to see --

TWO RED-BRICK COLONIAL BUILDINGS, standing on either side of

A SIX-STORY GRANITE BUILDING, grand and smooth-stoned, dormer windows streaked with SEA SALT.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
The red brick building on my right is Ward A, the male ward. In the center is the hospital; and Ward B, the female ward, is the one on the left.
(pointing)
Ward C is that building, on the bluffs.

In the DISTANCE, they can see the top of a STONE BUILDING, higher than the others.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
Ward C is outside the main compound. It has its own security fence and separate security protocols. Admittance to Ward C is forbidden without the written consent and physical presence of both myself and Dr. Cawley. Is that understood?

TEDDY
(wry)
You act like insanity is catching.

McPherson doesn't even crack a smile -- instead, he holds out one hand, palm upward, EXPECTING.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
You are hereby required to surrender your firearms.

Chuck GLANCES to Teddy, STARTLED -- almost imperceptibly, Teddy shakes his head "no."

TEDDY
Mr. McPherson, we are duly appointed federal marshals. We are required to carry our firearms at all times --

McPherson's voice hits the air like a STEEL CABLE.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Executive Order 319 of the Federal Code of Penitentiaries and Institutions for the Criminally Insane states that a peace officer's requirement to bear arms is superseded
(MORE)

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
by the direct order of persons entrusted with the care and protection of penal or mental health facilities. You are now so ordered.
(flatly)
Gentlemen, you will not be allowed to pass through this gate with your firearms.

A long BEAT -- then Teddy pulls back his overcoat, smoothly UNSNAPS his service revolver. Chuck looks surprised, but gives his gun over as well, FUMBLING with the snap.

McPherson takes the guns, gives them to a GUARD.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
Well, that does it for the official stuff. Come on in, boys. What do you say we go find Dr. Cawley?

They step through the gate --

EXT. INSIDE COMPOUND -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

-- and it's like they're entering ANOTHER WORLD.

A vast green LAWN spreads out in front of them, NEAT AND ORDERED, a stark CONTRAST to the wild scrub outside the gates.

The grounds are BEAUTIFUL: sculpted hedges, great shady oaks, Scotch pines and maples presiding royally over

STATELY BUILDINGS

laid out with gracious symmetry over the grounds. It could be mistaken for a BOARDING SCHOOL --

-- except for the ORANGE-JUMPSUITED PATIENTS everwhere.

MANACLED at the ankles, the PATIENTS are GARDENING, working in the flowerbeds, cutting trees, trimming grass, as

ORDERLIES AND GUARDS watch over them.

The white-suited ORDERLIES are large, BEEFY men, many of them BLACK. The GUARDS, on the other hand, are mostly WHITE. They all wear DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS uniforms.

TEDDY
So when did she escape? The prisoner?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
I'm afraid Dr. Cawley will have to fill you in on the situation.
(shrugs, repeating)
Protocol.

Chuck, meanwhile, is eyeing the GUARDS.

CHUCK
Correctional officers at a mental institution -- weird sight, if you don't mind me saying.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
This is a maximum security institution. We operate under dual charters -- one from the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health, the other from the Federal Department of Prisons.

TEDDY
So who calls the shots -- the docs or the jailers?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
It doesn't really work like that. Dr. Cawley and the Warden handle everything together.

TEDDY
(skeptical)
Sounds good on paper. But when push comes to shove, someone's always got to be in charge.

As they continue walking toward the HOSPITAL --

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
There's a lot about this place that breaks the mold. And none of it would exist if it weren't for Dr. Cawley. He's created something really unique here --

As McPherson keeps talking, they pass by A BED OF SPECTACULAR ROSES. Teddy glances over, notices --

A MANACLED WOMAN WORKING IN THE ROSES

-- middle-aged, pale, her hair RAGGED WISPS, almost BALD.

Her eyes LOCK on Teddy, TRACKING him as he passes. He meets her gaze, as if he can't look away --

-- and she raises one hand, putting a single finger to her lips in a "sshhhh" motion.

A TWISTING, DARK SCAR lies across her throat, ropy and thick as a strand of licorice, the color of OLD BLOOD.

Finger still held to her lips, the Woman SMILES at Teddy, shaking her head "no" very slowly.

TEDDY looks away, SPOOKED, tuning back in to McPherson.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
-- a legend in his field. Top of his class at both Johns Hopkins and Harvard, published his first paper on delusional pathologies at the age of twenty.

A GUARD checks their I.D.'s, opens the door to the HOSPITAL.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

A gate BUZZES, letting them through into an ANTEROOM with two Orderlies controlling the access to the inner hospital.

They show their BADGES again, as McPherson signs them in, still TALKING about Cawley --

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Dr. Cawley's been consulted numerous times by Scotland Yard, MI5, the OSS --

Teddy suddenly BREAKS into the running commentary.

TEDDY
Why?

McPherson looks CONFUSED by the question.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
What do you mean?

TEDDY
What do intelligence agencies want to consult a psychiatrist about?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
I guess you'll have to ask him.

He heads toward the STAIRCASE.

INT. UPPER STAIRCASE -- DAY

ANOTHER ORDERLY waits at the base of the upper staircase, checks their I.D. again. He BUZZES them in --

-- passing by a CAGE with a Guard inside, KEYS hanging on rings on a wall behind him.

CHUCK
(an understatement)
Lots of security.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
You have to understand, this is the only facility of its kind in the United States, even the world. We take only the most damaged patients, the most dangerous. The ones no other hospital can manage.

INT. CAWLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The door opens on well-oiled hinges, McPherson brings in Teddy and Chuck -- as

DR. CAWLEY gets up from behind his desk to greet them.

Mid-60's, he's all angles and sharp lines, DARK CIRCLES under his eyes as if he hasn't slept in WEEKS -- this is a man who DRIVES himself, who never stops.

His smile is genuinely WARM, welcoming and CONFIDENT, someone you instantly want to TRUST.

DR. CAWLEY
(shaking hands)
Marshal Daniels, Marshal Aule. I'm glad you could come so quickly.
(to McPherson)
Thank you, Deputy Warden. That will be all.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Yes, sir. A pleasure, gentlemen.

McPherson exits, Chuck looks to Cawley --

CHUCK
He sure had a lot to say about you.

DR. CAWLEY
McPherson is a good man; he believes in the work we do here.

Teddy moves over to the BOOKCASES lining the wall, studying the VOLUMES -- the titles are all about MADNESS.

TEDDY
And what would that be, exactly?

DR. CAWLEY
A moral fusion between law and order and clinical care.

CHUCK
Pardon me, Doc -- a what between what and what?

DR. CAWLEY
It used to be that the kind of patients we deal with here were shackled and left in their own filth -- at best. They were systematically beaten, as if that could drive the psychosis out. We demonized them -- drove screws into their brains, even drowned them, on occasion. What the Geneva Convention would call torture.

CHUCK
And now?

DR. CAWLEY
Now we treat them. We try to heal, to cure. And if that fails, we at least provide them with a measure of calm in their lives.

Teddy has moved to the end of the bookcase, studying a model of the HUMAN BRAIN, cross-sectioned in bright plastic colors.

TEDDY
What about their victims?
(off Cawley's hesitation)
These <u>are</u> all violent offenders? Right? They've hurt people -- murdered them, in some cases.

DR. CAWLEY
In almost all cases. Yes.

Teddy steps away from the brain model.

TEDDY
Then personally, Doctor, I'd have to say --
(pleasantly)
-- screw their sense of calm.

Cawley doesn't seem offended; he smiles, a little wearily.

DR. CAWLEY
It's my job to treat my patients, not their victims. I can't help the victims. It's the nature of any life's work that it have limits -- that's mine. I'm not here to judge.

TEDDY
Well, then that would be a difference between us. 'Cause judging doesn't bother me a bit.

Teddy pulls a NOTEBOOK out of his pocket, flips it open.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
So this female prisoner --

DR. CAWLEY
(correcting)
Patient.

TEDDY
Sorry -- patient, one Rachel Solando, escaped sometime in the last 24 hours.

DR. CAWLEY
Last night between ten and midnight.

CHUCK
Is she considered dangerous?

DR. CAWLEY
You could say that.
(quietly)
She killed all three of her children.

His voice falls in the room like stones dropping in a pond.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
She drowned them in the lake behind her house. Took them out, one by one, and held their heads under until they died. Then she brought them back into the house and arranged them around the kitchen table and ate a meal there before a neighbor dropped by.

Chuck looks a little SICK. Teddy's expression is NEUTRAL.

TEDDY
What about the husband?

DR. CAWLEY
She's a war widow. He died on the beach at Normandy.

Cawley pulls a PICTURE from the file, hands it to them.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO -- black and white, GRAINY, showing a DARK-HAIRED, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN staring bleakly at the camera. She's almost SKELETALLY THIN.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
She starved herself when she first came here -- she insisted the children weren't dead.

ON TEDDY

as he looks at the picture -- and just like on the boat,

QUICK FLASHES OF IMAGES

race by, but this time they're different --

BLACK AND WHITE, and BEYOND HORRIFIC.

*(Note: The QUICK IMAGES throughout the script are all fragmented flashbacks that Teddy is remembering. They are meant to be jarring and imcomplete, pieces of a puzzle that we slowly put together.)*

*RAZORWIRE coiled over an ICY FENCE;*

*A RUSTED RAILCAR in a LONG LINE of cars, door OPENED to reveal*

*DEAD BODIES spilling out of the tightly-packed car -- MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN in STRIPED PRISON SUITS.*

*The prison uniforms of a NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP.*

*The CORPSES are EMACIATED, like SKELETONS covered in PARCHMENT, body parts TWISTED unnaturally from being STUFFED in the railcar like MEAT.*

*A WOMAN hangs upside-down like a broken DOLL from the open door, head TWISTED at a right angle to her neck, head resting on the filthy, frozen ground -- and --*

*THE BODY OF AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL lies atop her, stick-thin arms CLUTCHING her mother even in death, eyes STARING sightlessly, EMPTY --*

BACK TO SCENE

As Teddy BLINKS, as if trying to CLEAR his mind of the images --

TEDDY
You wouldn't happen to have some aspirin, would you?

DR. CAWLEY
We've got a lot more exotic things that that, if you want. Prone to headaches, Marshal?

TEDDY
Sometimes. But today, more prone to seasickness.

DR. CAWLEY
Ah, dehydration. In that case, you're quite right. Simples the better.

Cawley pours WATER from a pitcher on his desk, rummages around in his drawer until he finds a bottle of BAYER.

TEDDY
Thanks.

He gulps down the aspirin with a long drink of water.

DR. CAWLEY
As I was saying: Rachel still believes the children are alive. She also believes this place is her home in the Berkshires.

TEDDY
Excuse me?

DR. CAWLEY
She has never once, in four years, acknowledged that she's in an institution. She believes we're all deliverymen, milkmen, postal workers --

CHUCK
You're kidding me.

DR. CAWLEY
Her delusions -- in particular, the one that allows her to believe her children never died -- are conceived on a very delicate but intricate architecture. To sustain that structure, she employs an elaborate narrative thread to her life that is completely fictitious. And she gives us all parts to play in that fiction.

Teddy and Chuck trade a glance -- *great.*

TEDDY
Have you searched the grounds yet?

DR. CAWLEY
The warden and his men scoured the island and every building in the institution. Not a trace. And what's more disturbing, we don't know how she got out of her room. It was locked from the outside, and the only window is barred.

He looks out the window, expression TROUBLED.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
It's as if she evaporated straight through the walls.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- DAY

A TINY ROOM with a heavy STEEL DOOR, a thin VIEWING WINDOW cut into it. Whitewashed cinderblock walls, a small BARRED WINDOW. Locks KER-CLUNK loudly --

-- and THE DOOR opens inward, unlocked by AN ORDERLY, a tall BLACK MAN, who admits Chuck and Teddy along with Dr. Cawley.

ORDERLY GANTON
I brought her right back here after group therapy, locked her in. I came back for midnight rounds -- and she was gone.

Teddy and Chuck are looking carefully over the room.

TEDDY
Seriously, Doctor, how is it possible the truth never gets through? I mean, she's *in a mental institution*. Seems like something you'd notice, from time to time.

DR. CAWLEY
Ah. Now we're getting into the true horrible beauty of the full-blown schizophrenic's paranoid structure. If you believe that you are the sole holder of the truth, then everyone else must be lying. And if everyone is lying...

CHUCK
(getting it)
Then any truth they say, must be a lie.

DR. CAWLEY
Precisely.

TEDDY
(skeptical)
You're just saying she doesn't see the truth because she doesn't want to. Seems to me, if she can decide to do that, then she can decide to stop.

DR. CAWLEY
Sanity's not a choice, Marshal. You can't just decide to "get over it."

TEDDY
(as he keeps searching)
That's what the rest of us have to do.

Chuck is over at the CLOSET -

CHUCK
How many shoes are the patients given?

DR. CAWLEY
Two pairs.

Chuck steps aside -- revealing TWO PAIRS OF SHOES.

CHUCK
So -- she left here barefoot? Come on, Doc, she couldn't have gotten ten yards in this terrain --

CREAAAKK! They both turn in surprise to see Teddy PUSHING the bed away from the wall.

DR. CAWLEY
Marshal -- ?

Teddy is down on his hands and knees, PULLING at the edge of something sticking up from between the floorboards --

-- and he pulls free a SLIVER OF PAPER, folded down to fit into the narrow CRACK between the floorboards.

He UNFOLDS it, SMOOTHING it out. WORDS and NUMBERS are written in a neat, fastidious hand:

*THE LAW OF 4*

*WHO IS 67?*

Cawley bends over the paper, forehead CREASED as he reads.

DR. CAWLEY
That's definitely Rachel's handwriting. I have no idea what the "Law of 4" is, though.

TEDDY
Not a psychiatric term?

DR. CAWLEY
I'm afraid not.

CHUCK
(reading aloud)
"Who is 67?"
(a beat, then)
Fuck if I know.

DR. CAWLEY
(dry)
I'd have to say that's quite close to my clinical conclusion.

TEDDY
So you think it's just random scribblings?

DR. CAWLEY
Oh, no. Not at all. Rachel is smart - brilliant, as a matter of fact. To keep the structure of her delusion from collapsing, she has to constantly refine it, rework it to adapt to the real world around her. No thought is idle or ancillary. This paper could be important --

Cawley starts to TAKE the paper -- but Teddy pulls it back.

TEDDY
We'll need to hold onto this. For the moment.

There's only an INSTANT of hesitation before Cawley NODS.

DR. CAWLEY
Of course.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

They come out of the cell, glancing up and down the hall -- the only exit is a STAIRCASE. An ORDERLY sits at the landing.

DR. CAWLEY
The staircase is the only way in or out.

TEDDY
There's someone stationed there all night?

DR. CAWLEY
Twenty-four hours, actually.

TEDDY
And who has the keys to the patients' rooms?

DR. CAWLEY
Well, the nurses and the orderlies -- and the doctors, of course.

Chuck peers down the staircase.

INT. HOSPITAL COMMON LOUNGE -- DAY

A large, open room at the base of the staircase. COUCHES and a CARD TABLE, books and magazines.

PATIENTS are milling in the room, playing board games, reading, ORDERLIES watching.

DR. CAWLEY
After lights-out, the orderlies play cards in here -- last night there were seven men sitting at the base of the stairs playing stud poker.

Chuck is looking around the room.

CHUCK
So Miss Solando gets out of her locked room without a key, gets past another orderly without being seen, then passes through this room full of men -- how? She turns invisible?

TEDDY
(to Cawley)
We'll need access to the personnel files of all the medical staff, the orderlies and the guards --

DR. CAWLEY
I'll have to speak with the Warden and the other staff. We'll take your request under consideration --

Teddy looks at him in disbelief.

TEDDY
It's not a request, Doctor. This is a federal facility and a dangerous prisoner --

DR. CAWLEY
Patient.

TEDDY
-- fine, patient, has escaped. You'll comply or risk -- what do they call that again, Chuck?

CHUCK
Obstruction of justice, boss.

Cawley GLARES at Chuck, but stays POLITE.

DR. CAWLEY
All I can say is that I'll see what I can do.
(a little strained)
Now if you'll excuse me, I have a meeting.

He starts out, and Teddy MOVES just enough to block him.

TEDDY
We'll need to speak with the staff -- nurses, orderlies, guards, anyone who was on duty last night.

DR. CAWLEY
I'll assemble them in the common room after dinner.
(impatiently)
If you have any further questions, feel free to join the Deputy Warden in the search.

Cawley steps around Teddy, exits the room.

CHUCK
(deadpan)
I don't think he liked my invisibility theory.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND -- DAY

HUGE STORMCLOUDS are rolling in over the dark sea, turning daytime into a kind of dull, unending GREY TWILIGHT.

LINES OF GUARDS are making their way through the overgrown brush, SEARCHING, thrashing bushes, looking over the ground.

TEDDY AND CHUCK walk alongside DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
It's eleven miles to the nearest land, and the water's freezing. The current was strong last night, the tide pushing in -- she'd have drowned or been crushed on the rocks, and her body would have washed back onshore.

They round a bend on a shelf of black rocks -- come out facing

A SERIES OF JAGGED CLIFFS

cut into the side of the island. Oblong irregular HOLES dot the sides of the cliffs.

TEDDY
Those caves down there - have you checked them?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
No way she could get there.
(MORE)

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
(pointing)
The base of those cliffs are covered in poison ivy, sumac, live oak, about a thousand plants with thorns as big as my dick.. You said yourself, Marshal: she's got no shoes.

He turns back to the GUARDS behind him --

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
(shouting)
All right, boys! Let's check the other side!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Deputy Warden McPherson leads his men along the beach on the other side of the island. It's starting to SPIT rain.

Teddy notices the Guards' search seems DESULTORY -- their eyes are downcast, SULLEN, they shuffle along RESENTFULLY.

Teddy turns, GLANCES up at the island -- seeing

A CONICAL TOWER

standing at the edge of the island, overlooking the sea.

TEDDY
(to McPherson)
What's the tower?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
An old lighthouse. The guards already searched inside it.

The lighthouse is surrounded by a FENCE, topped by RAZORWIRE -- and TWO ARMED GUARDS stand at the gate.

TEDDY
What's in there? More patients?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Nah. It's a sewage treatment facility.

The wind PICKS UP, as the rain starts to get HARDER -- fat drops PLASHING down on the dark earth.

McPherson squints up at the sky, the sun all but INVISIBLE behind the thick cloud cover.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
It'll be dark soon. I'm calling this off for tonight.

As he goes to his men, Teddy looks THOUGHTFULLY at the lighthouse.

TEDDY
That's a lot of razorwire.

CHUCK
Must be some fucking killer sewage.

Off Teddy, as he STARES at the stone-faced GUARDS in front of the razored fence, we --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

Teddy and Chuck stand in the center of the COMMON ROOM, which is now empty of patients -- instead,

STAFF (NURSES, ORDERLIES, GUARDS) sit on couches and chairs in a circle around the two marshals, with CAWLEY looking on.

TEDDY
You all know why we're here. You had an escape last night. As far as we can tell, the patient vanished. And frankly, we have no reason to believe she did it without help.
(turns to Orderly Ganton)
You are posted on watch on the landing every night?

ORDERLY GANTON
Can't no one get in or out of their room on that corridor without me seeing.

TEDDY
And you never left your post?

ORDERLY GANTON
No, sir. I did not.

Teddy regards him for a second, seems somehow SATISFIED with whatever he sees in Ganton's face.

CHUCK
All right, meaning no disrespect to Mr. Ganton, let's say Rachel Solando somehow crawls on the ceiling past him --

GRINS and CHUCKLES from the group.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Who else does she have to pass to get down here?

A WHITE ORDERLY with red hair raises a tentative hand.

TEDDY
And you are... ?

GLEN MIGA
Glen. Glen Miga.

TEDDY
You were at your post all night?

GLEN MIGA
Uh, yeah.

Teddy is STARING at him now, as if he can SMELL something wrong. Glen is picking at a HANGNAIL, eyes down.

TEDDY
Glen.
(as Glen looks up)
The truth.

GLEN MIGA
(faltering)
I -- I went to the bathroom.

Cawley is leaning forward, suddenly WORRIED.

DR. CAWLEY
What?

GLEN MIGA
(turns to Cawley)
A-minute, tops!
(defensively)
I'm not a damned camel --

DR. CAWLEY
You breached protocol? Christ --

TEDDY
What time was this?

GLEN MIGA
Uh -- eleven-thirty. Thereabouts.

CHUCK
So about that time, the poker game was in full swing...
(looks to the Orderlies)
Where were you sitting?

FOUR BLACK ORDERLIES glance at each other -- one of them, TREY WASHINGTON, gets up, goes near the center of the room.

TREY WASHINGTON
Right here. Stairs right there -- no one could have come down, we didn't see 'em. No how.

CHUCK
Right. We're back to the ceiling.

TEDDY
Let's back up, to before Rachel was put in her room for lights-out. What did she do before that?

NURSE MARINO
She was in a group therapy session.

TEDDY
Did anything unusual occur?

NURSE MARINO
This is a mental institution for the criminally insane, Marshal. "Usual" isn't a big part of our day.

Chuck COUGHS to strangle what might be a laugh.

TEDDY
Did Miss Solando say anything during the session?

NURSE MARINO
Not a word. She doesn't talk much; keeps to herself, mostly. The session was about anger management. Dr. Sheehan led the discussion on appropriate and inappropriate ways to express anger.

TEDDY
Dr. Sheehan?

At the mention of the name, the whole room suddenly seems to TENSE. Orderlies look down, the Nurses avoid Teddy's eyes.

NURSE MARINO
He was running the session. He's Rachel's "primary" -- the psychiatrist who directly oversees her care.

Teddy turns to Dr. Cawley.

TEDDY
We'll need to talk to Dr. Sheehan.

DR. CAWLEY
I'm afraid that won't be possible. He left on the ferry this morning. His vacation was already planned, he'd been putting it off too long --

CHUCK
(in disbelief)
You're in a state of lockdown, a dangerous patient has escaped -- and you let him leave? On vacation?

DR. CAWLEY
Of course. He's a doctor.

A beat, then:

TEDDY
(tightly)
Do you have the phone number for where he's gone?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL MAIN SWITCHBOARD -- NIGHT

THE OPERATOR sits at the main switchboard, heavy black HEADPHONES looped around his neck, a tangle of WIRES in front of him. TEDDY, CHUCK and DR. CAWLEY look on.

OPERATOR
I'm sorry, sir, but it's all down. All the lines, even radio. Storm's hitting the mainland like a hammer.

DR. CAWLEY
Keep trying. If you get it working, come find me immediately. The Marshals need to make an important call.

EXT. MAIN HOSPITAL BUILDING -- NIGHT

Cawley, Teddy and Chuck emerge from the main building. Leaves EDDY in the wind, the sky is BRUISED and moonless.

Cawley pulls his COAT tighter around himself.

DR. CAWLEY
I'm afraid I have evening rounds in the Wards. But I'll be having drinks and a cigar at my house around 9, if you'd like to drop by.

TEDDY
Good -- we can talk then?

Cawley turns, framed by the huge TREES hanging over the lawn like gnarled GIANTS from a fairy tale.

DR. CAWLEY
(mildly)
We have been talking, Marshal.

He turns and goes. Teddy looks to Chuck, eyebrows RAISED.

EXT. EDGE OF HOSPITAL GROUNDS -- NIGHT

Teddy and Chuck walk along the darkened grounds, EMPTY now except for the occasional GUARD or ORDERLY.

Wordlessly, Chuck pulls out his Luckies, offers one to Teddy. They light up, CUPPING the Zippo in the wind.

TEDDY
A woman escapes from a locked room...

CHUCK
Past four manned checkpoints --

TEDDY
-- and a room full of attendants playing poker.

CHUCK
Then she scales a ten foot wall --

TEDDY
-- with razorwire and electric wire on top --

CHUCK
-- and swims eleven miles against the current in freezing water to the shore. Sure. I buy that.
(a beat)
Inside job?

Teddy blows out a long ribbon of SMOKE, watches as the wind WHIRLS it away.

TEDDY
Inside job.

THUNDER RUMBLES from far away, a distant ECHO, like a THREAT. Chuck looks up at the sky, speculatively.

CHUCK
Starting to get nervous here, boss.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUDOR MANSION -- NIGHT

A TUDOR MANSION, 19th century, elegant and sweeping, surrounded by sculpted hedges and FRUIT TREES.

RAIN has started to fall, steady and implacable. Wet leaves GLITTER as the wind BLOWS them in a WHISPERING DANCE.

WARM LIGHT blazes through a HUGE BAY WINDOW, showing TEDDY AND CHUCK inside the house, being shown around by DR. CAWLEY.

INT. TUDOR MANSION -- NIGHT

Teddy and Chuck follow Cawley into the huge, vaulted great room. The floors are polished marble, the furniture ANTIQUE.

MUSIC plays from somewhere, strings and piano, soothing.

CHUCK
(looking around)
Gotta say, I'm beginning to think I went into the wrong line of public service.

DR. CAWLEY
(agreeing)
It is a little overwhelming. It was constructed during the Civil War, the same time as the military fort that houses Ward C. This building is the original commander's quarters. It cost a fortune; when Uncle Sam got the bill, the commander was courtmartialed.

Teddy is looking at the SUMPTUOUS velvet drapes, the muted persian carpets, the huge hand-carved BILLIARD TABLE.

TEDDY
I can see why.

They approach the massive FIREPLACE, its opening 8 feet high -- we see the source of the music, a PHONOGRAPH by the fire.

CHUCK
Nice music. Who is that, Brahms?

TEDDY
(almost absently)
No.

A QUICK FLASH

*BLACK AND-WHITE, THE CONCENTRATION CAMP again -*

*GAUNT PRISONERS pressed in a CRUSH against the razorwired fence, faces DESPERATE and TERRIFIED --*

*-- and the SAME MUSIC plays DISTANTLY in the B.G., THIN and TINNY.*

BACK TO SCENE

TEDDY (CONT'D)
It's Mahler.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Quite right, Marshal.

Teddy and Chuck realize there's ANOTHER MAN in the room; he sits with his BACK to them in a wingchair, facing the fire.

DR. CAWLEY
Forgive me -- my colleague, Dr. Jeremiah Naehring.

DR. NAEHRING turns, giving them their first look at his face -- he's OLDER, small and ruddy, PAMPERED looking. He holds a small TUMBLER of what looks like WHISKY.

He doesn't offer his hand, just BLINKS owlishly at Teddy.

DR. NAEHRING
Quartet for Piano and Strings in A minor.

DR. CAWLEY
Your poison, gentlemen?

CHUCK
Rye, if you've got it.

TEDDY
Soda and ice, thanks.

DR. NAEHRING
(to Teddy)
You don't indulge in alcohol? I'm surprised. Isn't it common for men in your profession to imbibe?

It sounds like an INSULT, but Teddy seems COOLLY UNFAZED.

TEDDY
Common enough. And yours?

DR. NAEHRING
(confused)
I'm sorry?

TEDDY
Your profession. Psychiatry. I've always heard it's overrun with boozers.

Chuck is looking back and forth between them like he's watching a tennis match.

DR. NAEHRING
Not that I've noticed.

TEDDY
(feigns innocent surprise)
Really? That's what, cold tea in your glass?

Naehring HESITATES -- then his mouth TWITCHES in a smile.

DR. NAEHRING
Excellent, Marshal. You have outstanding defense mechanisms. You must be quite adept at interrogations.

ANOTHER QUICK FLASH

*BLACK AND WHITE --*

*A ROOM, beautifully furnished, a STARK CONTRAST to the squalor and death of the camp outside -- and the AIR is filled with*

*HUNDREDS OF SHEETS OF PAPER fluttering like TORN BUTTERFLIES, translucent CARBON PAGES drifting down in FLURRIES.*

*TINNY MAHLER still plays in B.G. --*

BACK TO SCENE

As Cawley brings the drinks to Teddy and Chuck.

DR. NAEHRING (CONT'D)
(sips his drink)
Men like you are my specialty, you know.
(clarifying)
Men of violence.

This guy is clearly starting to GET ON CHUCK'S NERVES.

CHUCK
(annoyed)
That's a hell of an assumption to make --

DR. NAEHRING
No assumption, not at all. But you misunderstand me. I said you are "men of violence" -- I'm not accusing you of being violent men. It's quite different.

TEDDY
Edify us.

Naehring looks into his whiskey thoughtfully.

DR. NAEHRING
You both served overseas.

CHUCK
Not much of a stretch, Doc. For all you know, we were both paper pushers.

DR. NAEHRING
(simply)
No, you weren't.

ON TEDDY as he

FLASHES AGAIN --

*THE PAPERS DRIFTING DOWNWARD -- and as they hit the floor, some start to BLOOM BRIGHT, ARTERIAL RED.*

*The papers have landed on a huge, spreading pool of BLOOD.*

*WIDEN ON A NAZI COMMANDANT LYING ON THE FLOOR*

*blood POURING down the side of his face, where he's SHOT HIMSELF in the mouth --*

*-- but he's STILL ALIVE, eyes OPEN and blinking, GURGLING for breath.*

*SEVERAL GI'S are RANSACKING his office around him, hence the FLYING PAPERS everywhere -- except for*

*TEDDY, IN A GI UNIFORM, who stands over the dying Commandant. Behind him, a PHONOGRAPH in the corner plays MAHLER.*

BACK TO SCENE --

NAEHRING cocks his head, looking at both of them, his gaze ASSESSING, like a collector studying INSECTS.

DR. NAEHRING (CONT'D)
Since the schoolyard, I would bet neither of you has ever walked away from a physical conflict. That's not to suggest you enjoyed it, only that retreat wasn't something you considered an option.

Teddy looks to Chuck, who SMILES slightly.

CHUCK
Wasn't raised to run, Doc.

DR. NAEHRING
Ah, yes -- "raised."
(to Teddy)
And who raised you, Marshal?

Teddy sips his drink, gives him an even look.

TEDDY
Bears.

DR. NAEHRING
(an edge of irritation)
Yes -- very impressive defense mechanisms.

ANOTHER QUICK FLASH

*GI TEDDY stands motionless over*

*THE DYING COMMANDANT -- still GURGLING, trying to speak.*

*THEY LOCK EYES -- the Commandant's ruined face is SUPPLICATING, almost BEGGING --*

*-- and the Commandant WEAKLY GROPES for the GUN on the floor near his hand, where he DROPPED it after his failed SUICIDE.*

*OUT THE WINDOW, Teddy can see THE CORPSES scattered over the snowy, barren ground, STREWN like slaughtered cattle --*

*-- and calmly, deliberately, Teddy MOVES THE GUN with his foot, SLIDING it out of the Commandant's reach.*

DR. NAEHRING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Do you believe in God, Marshal?*

BACK TO SCENE

as Teddy STARES at Naehring for an instant -- then BARKS a very unhumorous LAUGH.

DR. NAEHRING (CONT'D)
I'm quite serious.

Teddy stops laughing as SUDDENLY as he started.

TEDDY
I'm sure you are. Ever seen a death camp, Doctor?

Naehring shakes his head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I have. I was there, for the liberation of Dachau.
(leans forward)
Your English is very good, almost flawless. You still hit the consonants a tad hard, though.

The room is COILED with TENSION now.

CHUCK
(to Naehring, shocked)
You're German?

Naehring doesn't look away from Teddy.

DR. NAEHRING
Is legal immigration a crime, Marshal?

TEDDY
You tell me.

Teddy leans back, takes another sip of his drink.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
In my experience, Doctor, men who run don't do it because they're scared of you. They're scared of themselves, of what they've done that brought you to their door.

His eyes stay on Naehring, UNWAVERING.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
A man'll do just about anything, to get away from what he's done.

He turns to include Cawley, just as INTENTLY.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
We need those files on Sheehan. And on the rest of the staff as well. A patient is missing, and for all I know you're covering for a doctor who may very well have had something to do with her escape.

DR. CAWLEY
(protesting)
Marshal Daniels --

But Naehring speaks COLDLY, his voice FINAL.

DR. NAEHRING
We will not release personnel files to you. Period.

Teddy looks back and forth from Cawley to Naehring.

TEDDY
Just who is in charge here, exactly?

DR. CAWLEY
Dr. Naehring is the liason to our board of overseers, among other things. He relayed your request, and it's been refused.

TEDDY
They don't have the authority to refuse.
(looks hard at Naehring)
And neither do you.

Naehring looks like he's about to EXPLODE at Teddy --

DR. CAWLEY
(hastily steps in)
Marshal, continue your investigation and we'll do all we can to help --

TEDDY
No.
(flatly)
This investigation is over. We'll file our reports and the matter will be turned over, I can only assume, to Hoover's boys. But we're out of this.

He puts down his drink.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
We'll take the first ferry in the morning back to the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE TUDOR MANSION -- NIGHT

The wind is GUSTING hard now; rain is POURING DOWN, slicing through the blackness in slanted sheets of silver.

TEDDY AND CHUCK pull their coats over their heads, RUNNING for the car IDLING in front of the mansion, DUCKING inside.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Teddy and Chuck SLIDE quickly inside the car, SLAMMING the door shut behind them, already SOAKED from the heavy rain.

MCPHERSON is at the wheel, peering through the windshield; even with the wipers going FRANTICALLY, he can barely see.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
(laconically)
Nice night.

They PULL AWAY, POV TEDDY looking back through the car window --

-- seeing CAWLEY AND NAEHRING standing on the porch, SHADOWED figures BLURRED from the rain coursing down the glass.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON (CONT'D)
You're bunking in the orderlies quarters.

CUT TO:

INT. ORDERLIES QUARTERS -- NIGHT

RAIN falls steadily down outside, LASHING at the windows in thin, branching dark streams.

TWO ORDERLIES (one of them Trey) are in their bunks, fast asleep, SNORING loudly -- and on the other side of the room --

TEDDY lies on the top bunk, SMOKING, staring at his notebook: *WHO IS 67?*.

The barred windows throw LINED SHADOWS across his face, the shadows of falling rain tracking like TEARS down his cheeks.

CHUCK tosses and turns on the lower bunk, then finally:

CHUCK
Hey, boss?
(a beat, then:)
We really gonna pack it in?

TEDDY
Why?

CHUCK
I guess, I dunno, I just... never quit anything before.

TEDDY
We haven't heard the truth once. Rachel Solando didn't slip barefoot out of a locked room without help. I'm beginning to think, a lot of help.
(stubs out his cigarette)
Best-case scenario, the threat worked and Cawley's sitting up in his mansion right now, rethinking his whole attitude. Maybe, in the morning --

CHUCK
You're bluffing?

TEDDY
I didn't say that.

The rain ROLLS down the windows, ceaseless, as the wind HOWLS

-- and Teddy rolls over. CLOSES HIS EYES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY -- TEDDY'S DREAM

An airy, cheerful APARTMENT, sunlit and bright. Teddy stands at the end of a LONG HALLWAY, a WINDOW at the other end.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we glimpse the CITY outside --

-- CARS driving by, PEDESTRIANS chatting as they walk, a sense of purpose, promise and VIBRANCY in the air.

BACK ON TEDDY as he moves slowly down the hall -- and

A WOMAN moves from the living room to stand in front of the window. We recognise her from Teddy's FLASHBACK on the boat --

-- his wife, DOLORES.

Her long hair is loose, lifting SLIGHTLY as if in a breeze, although the air in the apartment is STILL.

She holds up an empty brown WHISKY BOTTLE, accusingly.

DOLORES
I found a whole stack of these, Teddy. Jesus. Are you ever sober anymore?

Teddy comes closer, looking down at her, LONGING for her written in his face.

TEDDY
I killed a lot of people in the war.

Something DRIFTS by them in the air, like stray SNOWFLAKES, but a dark GREY color.

DOLORES
Is that why you drink?

TEDDY
Maybe why I can't stop.

He reaches out hesitantly, almost SHAKING, to touch her face --

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(hoarsely)
Is this real?

DOLORES
(quietly)
No.

Dolores holds up the bottle -- and it DISSIPATES into SMOKE, whirling away.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
She's still here.

TEDDY
Who?
(realizing)
Rachel?

The DARK SNOWFLAKES are thicker now, SWIRLING all around them, filling the air, making the bright apartment DARKER --

DOLORES
(nodding)
She never left.

Dolores turns to walk into the living room, turning her back to Teddy for the first time --

-- Dolores' back is CHARRED, smoldering like a coaling fire.

He follows behind her INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

Bits of ASH fly up and away from her blackened clothes and flesh, WHIRLING into the air to join

THE THICKENING CLOUD OF ASH

that is now BLANKETING everything in the apartment, DRIFTING down over furniture, lamps, rugs.

Dolores comes to a halt in front of the living room bay window, her back to him, looking out.

THE VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW has CHANGED -- instead of a city, the living room window looks out on --

A SMALL WOODED CLEARING BESIDE A LAKE

moonlight SHINING down in pale blue shafts, making the rippling water SPARKLE and DANCE with light.

DOLORES stares out at the view, her voice BEREFT --

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Remember when we stayed at the cabin by the lake? We were so happy...

TEDDY
I remember.

SMOKE drifts in tendrils away from her hair, ASH thickening around them like a SNOWSTORM of dark grey and black.

DOLORES
She's here. You can't leave.

Teddy comes up behind her, puts his arms around her waist, leaning over to BRUSH her neck with his lips.

TEDDY
I'm not going to leave.
(almost a sob)
I love you so much.

LIQUID, clear as WATER, starts to LEAK from her stomach over his hands, TRICKLING down to the floor.

DOLORES
(sadly)
I'm bones in a box, Teddy.

TEDDY
No --

DOLORES
I am. You have to wake up.

TEDDY
I won't go, you're here --

DOLORES
I'm not. You have to face that.
But she is -- and so is he.

TEDDY
Who?

DOLORES
Laeddis.

WATER is pouring from her stomach now, running down their bodies to the floor, POOLING around them.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
I have to go.

TEDDY
No! Please -- don't -- I need to
hold onto you, just a little longer --

Dolores LEANS BACK against him, her head on his shoulder, her face ANGUISHED.

DOLORES
God, Teddy. Let me go -- you have
to let me go --

Teddy GRIPS her tighter, HOLDING her close.

TEDDY
I can't. I can't.

The water POURS over his hands, SOAKING his arms and chest and waist.

-- as Dolores DISSIPATES into smoke, SWIRLING into nothingness.

Teddy is left STARING down at his dripping HANDS, as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ORDERLIES QUARTERS -- MORNING

Teddy STARTS AWAKE, GASPING for breath.

He looks down at his hands -- which are SOAKING WET.

His chest, his whole upper body is SOAKED -- and more water DRIPS down on him. Startled, Teddy LOOKS UP --

-- the ceiling is DRIPPING WATER from a spreading LEAK around the WINDOW. Rain SLUICES down outside, a DOWNPOUR.

A thin, grey DAWN barely shows through the curtain of RAIN falling endlessly outside the windows.

THE ORDERLIES stumble out of bed, stretching; Trey looks out the window, shakes his head.

TREY WASHINGTON
Ain't gonna be no ferry in this shit. No how.

CUT TO:

INT. WARD B -- DAY

DR. CAWLEY is striding down the halls of WARD B, TEDDY and CHUCK beside him, talking as they walk.

TEDDY
I need to interview the patients who were in Rachel's group therapy that night.

DR. CAWLEY
I thought your investigation was finished?

TEDDY
(shrugs)
It's not like we can take the ferry.

DR. CAWLEY
I won't be able to join you; I have to deal with the emergency maintenance and disaster protocols. Some of our facilities are close to decrepit; we've got serious problems if the storm does actually hit.

He makes a NOTE to himself.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
I'll arrange interviews in the cafeteria. I can't give you patient files, but I'll put down salient facts about their crimes and illnesses so you'll have a frame of reference.

TEDDY
And was Rachel receiving any other treatment for her "illnesses"?

DR. CAWLEY
Do you know what the state of the mental health field is these days, gentlemen?

TEDDY
Not a clue.

DR. CAWLEY
War.
(off their surprise)
The old school believes in shock therapy, surgical interventions, spa treatments for the docile patients. Psychosurgery, it's called. The new school says the future is psychopharmacology.

CHUCK
What is psychopharmacology exactly?

DR. CAWLEY
A new drug has just been approved -- called lithium -- that relaxes psychotic patients. Some would say, tames them. Manacles and chains will become a thing of the past.
(an edge)
That's what the new school promises.

Teddy is watching Cawley's reactions carefully. Interested.

TEDDY
Which school are you?

DR. CAWLEY
Believe it or not, Marshal, I believe in talk therapy. I have this radical idea that if you treat a patient with respect and listen to what he's trying to tell you, you just might reach him.

A SCREAM echoes through the corridors, piercing and loud.

TEDDY
(skeptically)
These patients?

DR. CAWLEY
My point is, what should be the last resort is becoming the first response. Give them a pill and put them in a corner, and it all goes away.

CHUCK
Doesn't it?

DR. CAWLEY
Not at all. Rachel Solando was on a cocktail of drugs meant to keep her from becoming violent -- and they were only intermittently effective.
(rubs his temples)
It's my opinion that the biggest obstacle to her recovery was her refusal to face what she had done.

TEDDY
"Was?"

Teddy looks sharply at Cawley.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Is there a reason to refer to your patient in the past tense, Doctor?

Cawley looks out the window -- the rain is BLINDING, the world beyond like a CHARCOAL SKETCH blurred by falling water.

DR. CAWLEY
(heavily)
Look outside, Marshal. Why do you think?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA -- DAY

A large, echoing room, tables evenly spaced.

TEDDY AND CHUCK sit at a table at the other end of the cafeteria, INTERVIEWING A PATIENT.

TWO ORDERLIES stand at the corner of the room, easy to summon but not so close they can OVERHEAR.

TEDY WASHINGTON is at the door, waiting.

THE PATIENT (KEN) is hunched over, face stubbled, SCRATCHES on his arm that are scabbed over. He STARES at the floor.

KEN
(mumbling)
It's cold. My feet are cold.

CHUCK
Sorry to hear that. Ken, were you in group therapy night before last?

KEN
I got a cold in my feet and it hurts to walk.

Teddy glances over at the TWO ORDERLIES (one WHITE, one BLACK) -- they're both SNICKERING. Ken's head BOBS as he speaks.

TEDDY
Ken, come on, look at me --

Ken suddenly SLAMS both his fists down on the table with a loud CTHHUNNKK!

The Orderlies RUSH OVER, but Ken is still MUMBLING --

KEN
(voice still low)
It shouldn't hurt, but they want it to. They fill the air with cold.

TREY WASHINGTON
Let me guess -- he told you about his feet. You guys done, or you want to hear more? Sometimes he gets up to the knees.

Chuck shakes his head, Trey leads Ken away.

CHUCK
I'm not thinking the usual interrogation methods are going to be much use here, boss.

Teddy consults Cawley's handwritten notes:

TEDDY
Next one is Peter Breene -- assaulted his father's nurse with a broken glass. She was critically injured. She survived -- but her face permanently disfigured.

CHUCK
(sourly)
I can't wait.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA -- DAY -- MINUTES LATER

PETER BREENE sits across from them, pudgy, slick blond hair. One ankle is crossed over the opposite knee, he GRIPS the ankle tight as he leans forward, licking his lips.

PETER BREENE
(eyes darting)
I'm scared. All the time.

Teddy looks up, interested -- does this guy know something?

TEDDY
Of what?

PETER BREENE
(confiding)
You know -- watches. The way they tick all the time, it gets into your head.

Teddy leans back, as he and Chuck trade a glance. Great.

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Rats, they scrabble with their feet. And pencils -- the lead, you know? The scratch-scratch on paper.

Breene looks away, his face WORRIED, as he WHISPERS:

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
I'm afraid of you.

CHUCK
Mr. Breene --

PETER BREENE
Lots of things scare me. The woman, that woman -- she scared me, with her big breasts, the way her can moved in that white dress, coming to our house every day. She'd smile at me like I was a child -- and you could see in her eyes, she liked to be naked, she liked to suck cock.
(outraged)
And then she asks me if she can have a glass of water? Alone in the kitchen, like that's no big deal?

Teddy's face has gone very CALM.

TEDDY
Why was it a big deal?

PETER BREENE
It was obvious. She wanted me to pull out my thing so she could laugh at it. She scared me.
(earnestly)
Because, otherwise, I mean you can see it in my face -- I wouldn't hurt a fly. It's not in me.

He shakes his head, obviously expecting them to SYMPATHIZE with his tragic situation.

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
But when I'm scared? Oh, the mind...

TEDDY
Your mind?

Breene looks up at Teddy, keen eyes BORING into him.

PETER BREENE
The mind. Mine, yours, anyone's. It's just like a car. One gear slips, one bolt cracks, and the whole system goes haywire.
(taps his forehead)
It's all in here, and you can't get to it and you don't ever really control it. But it controls you. Oh yes.

He LEANS FORWARD even further, getting in Teddy's face. His tendons STAND OUT, he's almost SPITTING his words:

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
And if it decides one day that it doesn't feel like coming to work?
(nasty laugh)
Then you're pretty much good and fucked, aren't you? Like she was.
(intense)
When I cut her, she <u>screamed</u> -- but she scared me. What did she expect?

Teddy leans back from Breene, eyes him CALMLY.

TEDDY
Interesting perspective. But we're here to talk about Rachel Solando.

PETER BREENE
(disgusted)
She drowned her kids, did you know that? What kind of person does that? Sick fucking world we live in. They should be gassed, all of them --

As Breene continues to RANT, Teddy quietly PICKS UP HIS PENCIL --

-- and starts to DOODLE on his notepad in long, slow strokes. SKKRIITCH. SKKRIITCH.

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
-- the retards, killers, niggers. Kill your own kids? Gas the bitch.

SKRRITCH -- SKKRITCH -- SKKKRIITTCCH --

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
Could you stop that?

Teddy doesn't look up, just keeps SCRATCHING the pencil in long lines.

TEDDY
(conversational)
You even remember her name? The nurse you carved up? Maybe she had kids, a husband -- just trying to make ends meet, normal life, small dreams --

SKRRITCH -- SKKRITCH --

PETER BREENE
Just, just stop doing that --

Teddy's voice stays UTTERLY EVEN, calm and controlled.

TEDDY
-- and you tore her face off. No more normal for her, not ever again.

Chuck is looking WORRIED -- what the hell is Teddy doing?

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You know what she was afraid of? You.

Breene isn't even listening, he's STARING with horror at the pencil as Teddy keeps SCRIBBLING relentlessly.

PETER BREENE
(panicking)
Stop it! Please!

Teddy suddenly DROPS the pencil on the open notebook.

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
(babbling with relief)
Thank you - thank you -

Teddy leans forward like a TIGER pouncing on PREY, his voice pitched too low for the Orderlies to hear --

TEDDY
(rapid, intense)
You know a patient by the name of Andrew Laeddis? Maybe he's in Ward C?

Breene RECOILS, like Teddy's a RATTLESNAKE -- he's TERRIFIED.

PETER BREENE
No, I -- no. No.

Breene JUMPS to his feet, BACKING AWAY from the Marshals.

PETER BREENE (CONT'D)
I want to go back now! I want to go!

TREY and the ORDERLIES hurry over, HUSTLING him away.

Chuck gives Teddy confused, sidelong look -- but Teddy is looking at his notebook, deep in thought.

TIME CUT TO:

A NEATLY DRESSED WOMAN is sitting across from them -- her prison jumpsuit crisp and clean, her hair tidy, her 50-something face intelligent and alert.

The handwritten page in front of Teddy reads BRIDGET KEARNS.

BRIDGET KEARNS
I'll never get out of here. And I'm not sure I should.

TEDDY
Excuse me for saying it, Miss Kearns --

BRIDGET KEARNS
(correcting)
"Mrs."

TEDDY
Mrs. Kearns -- but you seem, well, normal to me.

She smiles, shrugs as she takes out a CIGARETTE.

BRIDGET KEARNS
I do have my dark days. I suppose everyone does. The difference is that most people don't kill their husbands with an axe.
(lights the cigarette)
Although personally, I think if a man beats you and fucks half the women he sees and no one will help you, axing him isn't the least understandable thing you can do.

Chuck smiles, a weird kind of RESPECT there.

CHUCK
(agreeing with her)
Maybe you shouldn't get out.

She grins back, a little RUEFULLY.

BRIDGET KEARNS
And what would I do if I did? I don't know the world anymore. They say there are bombs that can turn whole cities to ash, and what do they call them, "televisions" -- voices and faces, coming from a box.
(shakes her head)
I hear enough voices already.

CHUCK
What can you tell us about Rachel?

She barely HESITATES, just for a split-second, BLINKING up and to the left before she answers, SMOOTHLY --

BRIDGET KEARNS
Not much. She keeps to herself. She believed her kids were alive, thought she was still living in the Berkshires and we were all neighbors and postmen, deliverymen, milkmen.

TEDDY
Was Dr. Sheehan there that night?

BRIDGET KEARNS
Yes -- he talked about anger management.

TEDDY
I'd like to hear a little more about him. What's he like?

Suddenly, Bridget looks SCARED. She looks at Chuck, then at Teddy, her eyes like a FRIGHTENED CORNERED ANIMAL.

BRIDGET KEARNS
He's -- okay. Nice. Not hard on the eyes, as my mother would say --

TEDDY
Did he ever come on to you?

BRIDGET KEARNS
(almost panicked)
No, no, Dr. Sheehan's a good doctor. He wouldn't -

She stops, her voice CATCHING a little. She puts her hand on her throat.

BRIDGET KEARNS (CONT'D)
(to Chuck)
Could I have a glass of water, please?

CHUCK
No problem.

He gets up, starts over to the steel DRINKS DISPENSER by the door -- the Orderlies start to GET UP, he waves them down.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Just getting some water.

Chuck gets a glass and starts filling it; his back is turned to Teddy, the Orderlies' eyes are all on Chuck, as

BRIDGET LOCKS EYES WITH TEDDY

and without breaking her gaze on him for a moment, she DARTS out a hand to grab his notebook, turns it around, scribbles something onehanded and SHOVES it back at him --

-- just as Chuck turns back, bringing the water.

BRIDGET KEARNS
Thank you, Marshal.

She DRINKS half the glass like it's a shot of WHISKEY.

TEDDY
Just one more question.

She puts down the glass, nods, her hands FLAT on the table.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Did you ever meet a patient named
Andrew Laeddis?

Her face shows NO EXPRESSION, nothing at all. Her hands stay FLAT on the table, MOTIONLESS --

but her eyes WELL UP, though her expression stays FROZEN. The tears don't fall.

BRIDGET KEARNS
(evenly)
No. Never heard of him.

As she stands to go, walking STEADILY away with Trey:

TEDDY (V.O.)
(prelap)
*She was coached.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BREEZEWAY -- DAY

The RAIN drives downward, POURING down off the roof as they stand ALONE on the breezeway, lighting up.

TEDDY
You heard what she said -- some of it, she used the same words, verbatim, as Cawley and the nurse. It's like she'd been told exactly what to say --

CHUCK
(interrupting)
Who's Andrew Laeddis? You asked every one of those patients about him -- who is he?
(off Teddy's silence)
What the fuck --? I'm your partner, boss.

TEDDY
We just met.

Chuck is getting steadily more PISSED.

CHUCK
Oh, you don't trust me?

TEDDY
It's not about that. You're a marshal. You've got a duty, a career. And what I'm doing -- it's not exactly by the book.

Chuck has had it. He JERKS up his shirt -- a SCAR, long and thick and dark as jelly, runs over his stomach.

CHUCK
I got this in the war. Jap sword right to the gut, spent three weeks in a vet hospital while they sewed my intestines back together. For my country. This country.

He drops his shirt back down, jabs a FINGER at Teddy.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
And the U.S. fucking Marshals run me out of my own home district because I'm in love with an American woman with Oriental eyes and skin?
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(furiously)
Fuck them.

Teddy is looking at him with new RESPECT.

TEDDY
If I didn't know you better, I'd swear you'd die for that woman.

CHUCK
That's my point -- you don't know me at all. And as a matter of fact: I would die for her, in a heartbeat --

TEDDY
(quietly)
I know that feeling -- purest feeling in the world.

Chuck's anger FALTERS at the PAIN in Teddy's face.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
The day Dolores died, we had a fight about my drinking. I told her to leave me alone, worry about her own *responsibilities*.
(beat, heavy)
If after all I've done -- the times I left her alone, let her down, broke her heart -- if I could make up for any of that... there's no price I wouldn't pay.

The rain FALLS like endless TEARS, the WIND sighs like SOBS around them as they look at each other on the breezeway --

- like they're REALLY SEEING each other for the first time.

CHUCK
I don't give a damn about by the book, boss. But I need to know what the hell is going on.

Teddy NODS, fractionally. The TRUTH, and nothing but.

TEDDY
When this case came over the wires, I requested it. Specifically.

CHUCK
Why?

Teddy looks out at the rain like it holds ANSWERS to every question he's ever had.

TEDDY
Andrew Laeddis was the maintenance man in the apartment building where my wife and I lived.

CHUCK
(mystified)
Okay...

TEDDY
He was also a firebug.
(deep breath)
Andrew Laeddis lit the match, that caused the fire --

CHUCK
(suddenly getting it)
Holy fuck.

TEDDY
-- that killed my wife.

The wind GUSTS around them as they stand looking at each other, the truth lying like a living thing between them.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS -- AFTERNOON

Teddy and Chuck, wearing PAIN PONCHOS, stand inside the FRONT GATES of the compound, talking to a GATE GUARD.

GATE GUARD
(doubtful)
I don't know, sir, the rain is getting worse, they say the storm --

CHUCK
If McPherson comes looking for us, tell him we promise to be home before supper.

Teddy stifles a SMILE; the Gate Guard looks FRUSTRATED --

-- but he UNLOCKS the gate, SWINGING it open just wide enough for them to WALK THROUGH.

EXT. COMPOUND -- AFTERNOON

They walk down a sloping, brush-choked field, rain FALLING steadily. THUNDER sounds, a distant BOOM.

They SLOG through the muddy, tangled brush, Teddy TALKING above the constant MURMUR of falling water --

TEDDY
Laeddis had just been fired by the apartment building owner. There were several suspects -- by the time they got around to checking him, he'd shored up an alibi. Hell, even I wasn't sure he did it.

CHUCK
But something changed your mind.

TEDDY
About a year ago, I open the paper... and there he is. He's an ugly sonofabitch, scar from his right temple down to his left lip, eyes different colors -- not a face you forget. At least, I hadn't.

CHUCK
(quietly)
Yeah.

TEDDY
He'd burned down a schoolhouse where he'd been working -- exact same M.O. They fired him, he came back and burned the place to the ground.

A SHADOW of grief, or maybe anger, crosses his face.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
The principal was working late; she died. Laeddis went to trial, claimed he heard voices, what have you. They sent him to Shattuck -- and then he was transferred here.

CHUCK
Then what?

TEDDY
Then -- nothing. He vanished. Like he never existed -- no record at all. I'm pretty sure he's not in Ward B. That leaves Ward C.

CHUCK
(pointing out)
Or he could be dead.

TEDDY
So could Rachel Solando, as far as that goes. She could have been dead for days before they got around to setting up their little mystery and calling us in.

CHUCK
(shaking his head)
Lots of places you could put a body.

Teddy comes to a halt in front of a broken-down FENCE.

TEDDY
(countering)
Only one place where no one would really notice.

Chuck looks up -- they're standing in front of THE GRAVEYARD.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
So let's take a look.

CHUCK
Boss -- are we looking for Laeddis, or Rachel?

Teddy steps through a gap in the fence..

TEDDY
Both.

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- AFTERNOON

Chuck and Teddy are SCANNING gravestones.

The graveyard is SPRAWLING, stone markers and statues and even a MAUSOLEUM nestled in the tall, choking GRASSES.

CHUCK
(peers at a stone)
There's stuff here as far back as the 1860's, boss.

TEDDY
(reading stones)
Looks like the older headstones are mostly together -- maybe the recent ones are too.

He wipes the streaming RAIN from his forehead, a pointless exercise, since more just drips from his plastered hair.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
If we can find one.

As they continue searching --

CHUCK
The patient. Bridget. When she sent me for water -- she said something to you, didn't she?

TEDDY
Nope.

Chuck STOPS, looking at Teddy ANGRILY, like he's been BETRAYED -- but Teddy doesn't notice because he's DIGGING in his pockets.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
She wrote it.

He pulls out his NOTEBOOK, opens it as Chuck comes over.

C.U. THE NOTEBOOK PAGE, a single word written in a TIGHT SCRAWL:

*RUN*

The ink starts to RUN in the rain, as Chuck looks up from the page to Teddy, FEAR in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- SUNSET

The sun is beginning to SINK, barely visible shafts of light struggling feebly to pierce the stormclouds.

Chuck and Teddy are moving through a GROUP of tombstones --

THE WIND has PICKED UP to almost SCARY strength, FLAPPING their ponchos like wet SHROUDS around them.

TEDDY
Goddammit -- nothing. That's all there is, three from last year. No Laeddis, no Rachel.

CHUCK
It's not like they'd put a marker on Solando --

TEDDY
If she was here, the grave would be new. Dirt, not grass.

Another GUST of WIND, so strong they STAGGER back.

CHUCK
Boss. We need to get indoors. It's turning into fucking Kansas out here --

The wind WHIPS up even STRONGER, blowing the rain SIDEWAYS in STINGING NEEDLES of water --

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Watch out!

-- and a TREE BRANCH HURTLES by, missing Teddy's head by INCHES.

TEDDY
We gotta get back!

They turn together, BENDING their heads into the wind, FIGHTING to walk toward the graveyard gate --

-- as a GRAVESTONE is WRENCHED from the earth like a ROTTEN TOOTH, torn out and BLOWN sideways, TUMBLING end over end.

CHUCK
Jesus Christ!

TEDDY looks up through the BLINDING RAIN, seeing a BLURRY SHAPE ahead, grey and square rising from the waist-high weeds --

THE MAUSLOEUM

steel door BROKEN on its hinges, GAPING open in the LASHING RAIN.

Teddy GRABS Chuck by the elbow and JERKS him toward the door.

TEDDY
Come on!

Teddy PUSHES him inside.

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- DUSK

Chuck lands on his KNEES in the darkened, tiny room -- he SCRAMBLES up, turns to help Teddy SHOVE the broken door SHUT.

Chuck and Teddy just lean against the wall, CATCHING THEIR BREATH. Chuck pulls a FLASHLIGHT from his pocket, FLICKS it on.

The thin light proves a small, bare room, a marble BENCH on one side, an CEMENT SLAB COFFIN in the center.

TEDDY
I don't know a lot about hurricanes, but I get the feeling this one's just warming up.

A long beat, as they LISTEN to the sound of the STORM -- the wind SCREAMS, the mausoleum VIBRATES with the force of it.

Chuck leans his head back against the wall, shuts his eyes.

CHUCK
What do you think all the crazies are doing about now?

TEDDY
Screaming back at it.

Chuck turns, looks at him - and suddenly SNORTS with laughter.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- NIGHT

Teddy sits on the bench, Chuck is sitting on the floor, leaning back against the wall, SMOKING in silence -- when Chuck SPEAKS ABRUPTLY:

CHUCK
So... you think Laeddis is here. The thing I don't quite get is -- what are you going to do about it?

TEDDY
I'm not here to kill him.

Chuck shakes his head. He's not buying it.

CHUCK
If it were my wife? I'd kill him twice.

Teddy doesn't look at him, eyes DISTANT as he smokes...

TEDDY
When we got through the gates at Dachau, the SS guards surrendered to us. Five hundred of them.

FLASHBACK IMAGES OF TEDDY AS A GI IN DACHAU

are INTERCUT with Teddy sitting on the bench, talking to Chuck in the bare glow of the flashlight as he continues:

*(Note: Part of this flashback sequence is expansions of the QUICK IMAGES we've seen before of Dachau -- taking the snippets we've seen Teddy remembering up until now, and sewing them together so they finally make a whole.)*

*BLACK AND WHITE, the concentration camp STARK in the SNOW as --*

*THE ALLIED SOLDIERS APPROACH, their numbers OVERWHELMING, POURING through the gates.*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The commandant tried to kill himself before we got there -- but he botched it.

*TEDDY IN GI UNIFORM in the OFFICE, kicking the gun away --*

*-- then watching the COMMANDANT as he GURGLES out his life in bloody bubbles --*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Took him an hour to die.

*-- and the Commandant DIES, eyes going DARK.*

BACK TO SCENE

as Teddy lights a CIGARETTE, inhales the smoke.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I came out, and saw the bodies on the ground -- in the gas rooms -- piled at the train station --

FLASHBACK TO DACHAU

*THE TRAIN CARS, 30 at least, bodies SPILLING onto the cold ground, dusted with SNOW -- and among them --*

*THE LITTLE GIRL'S CORPSE with her cold, blue arms wrapped hopelessly around her mother's body.*

*Her dead eyes seem to STARE at Teddy.*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- too many to count.

*THE PRISONERS PRESSED against the fence; their gaunt, diseased faces DESPERATE with FEAR and HOPE.*

*CORPSES litter the ground behind them, naked, barely HUMAN.*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Too many to imagine.

BACK TO SCENE

Chuck watches Teddy's face, with a mix of HORROR and UNDERSTANDING.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
So yeah, the Guards surrendered.

FLASHBACK TO DACHAU

*SS GUARDS dropping their weapons, arms HIGH as --*

*THE ALLIED GI'S SHOUT ORDERS at them.*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We took their guns, lined them up against walls --

*SS GUARDS are SHOVED against walls, PUSHED against buildings.*

*TEDDY AND THE OTHER GI'S look at each other -- one Allied Soldier raises his RIFLE --*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- and we executed them.

*-- and ALL THE GI's start SHOOTING.*

*ON THE GI'S FACES as they FIRE and FIRE -- and we hear SCREAMS, CRIES for MERCY, and the thunder of GUNFIRE.*

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
By the end of the day we'd removed 500 souls from the face of the earth.

BACK TO SCENE

As Teddy leans forward, elbows on his knees, eyes on the floor.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
It wasn't self-defense. It wasn't warfare. It was murder.

His eyes GLINT in the pale, reflective glow of the flashlight.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
And it was the least we could do.

CHUCK
Boss --

TEDDY
What we did was for the right reason. But what we did was also wrong. And I'll never wash that off.

Teddy seems to come back to himself, DROPPING his cigarette and GRINDING it out with his foot.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I'm tired of killing. That's not why I'm here.

CHUCK
Then what the hell are you doing? What is all this about?

TEDDY
After Laeddis vanished, I started doing some checking. People know about Ashecliffe, but no one will talk. Like it's more than just a hospital. Like they're scared.

He gets up, starts PACING.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Turns out, this place is funded by special grant set up '51 -- by HUAC.

Chuck seems to find this RIDICULOUS.

CHUCK
(derisive)
Terrific. And how, exactly, are we fighting the Commies from an island in Boston Harbor?

TEDDY
By experimenting on the mind. At least, that's my guess.

Chuck looks at him, uncertain -- is he joking?

CHUCK
You're serious.

TEDDY
You ever heard of psychotropic drugs?
(off Chuck's headshake)
They're drugs that alter the consciousness, the perception. Even in small doses, they can make sane people start seeing and hearing things that aren't real.

CHUCK
What kind of things?

TEDDY
Schizophrenics have been known to tear their own faces off because they think their hands are animals, or that something is alive under their skin. Some of these drugs mimic the symptoms -- and the behaviors -- of insanity.

Chuck looks at him curiously.

CHUCK
This kind of stuff isn't exactly covered in the Marshals' basic training manual.

TEDDY
I've been doing a lot of research. And... I finally found someone who would talk. Who used to be a patient here.

CHUCK
You -- what? Who?

TEDDY
His name is George Noyce. He was a college kid, made the mistake of going to some socialist meeting on-campus. Soon after that, he got an offer to be in a study, make some money. A psych study. And you'll never guess what they were testing.

CHUCK
Psychotropic drugs.

Teddy smiles bitterly.

TEDDY
He started seeing things -- said there were dragons everywhere. Attacked a professor, almost beat him to death -- and the nice college kid ended up in Ashecliffe, Ward C.

CHUCK
He's still here?

TEDDY
Nope. Got released, after almost a year. Two weeks on the mainland, he walks in a bar and just starts stabbing people. Killed three men. His lawyer pleads insanity, they're all set to send him back to Ashecliffe -- and he stands up in the courtroom, fires his lawyer right there and begs the judge to send him to prison, anv prison -- anywhere but a mental hospital.
(beat)
Judge sends him to Dedham.

CHUCK
And you found him.

TEDDY
(nods, affirming)
He's a mess; but it's pretty clear from what he tells me -- they're experimenting on people here.

Chuck looks UNCERTAIN. It's all too much, too fast.

CHUCK
But boss -- a crazy guy?

TEDDY
That's the beauty of it. A guy like Laeddis is a perfect subject. No one cares if he vanishes, or dies -- or becomes a tool for the government.

Chuck is looking OVERWHELMED, he's shaking his head in DENIAL.

CHUCK
No. The Nuremberg Code prohibits experimenting on human beings --

TEDDY
Not if you're trying to "cure" them. And if you're dealing with a patient who's crazy? Hell, anything you do might be an attempted cure. Anything.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
When all this started, all I wanted was to find Laeddis. To look him in the eye and tell him that I knew he'd killed my wife, even if no one else did. That he'd never breathe free air so long as I'm alive.

CHUCK
And now... ?

TEDDY
What's going on here is bigger than than one murder, or even five, or ten. When I stood at Dachau and saw what human beings are capable of doing to each other...

Teddy is talking with almost EVANGELICAL FERVOR now.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
The Nuremberg Code was created <u>because</u> of what the Nazi doctors did, to those prisoners in the camps.
(edge of anger)
We fought a war to stop what the Nazis did. And now... I find out it may be happening <u>here</u>.

Chuck is regarding Teddy with obvious WORRY.

CHUCK
Boss. <u>What are you really here to do</u>?

TEDDY
Get as much information as I can. Go back -- and blow the lid off this place.

The initial shock has worn off, the wheels have started to TURN in Chuck's mind.

CHUCK
Wait a minute. You investigated Ashecliffe, made inquiries, you've been waiting for a chance to get out here -- and then they suddenly need a U.S. Marshal? Doesn't all this strike you as a little convenient?

TEDDY
I got lucky. A patient break, it was the perfect excuse --

CHUCK
Luck doesn't work that way, boss. The <u>world</u> doesn't work that way.

Chuck is PACING now, brow FURROWED.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
An electrified fence around a septic facility. Ward C is inside a Civil War fort. A chief of staff with OSS ties, funding from HUAC -- everything about this place screams "government ops."
(pointing out)
So let's say they are doing some bad shit here. What if they've been onto you since before you ever set foot on this island?

Teddy is clearly UNNERVED, but he holds his ground.

TEDDY
Bullshit.

CHUCK
Where's Rachel Solando? Where's one shred of evidence that she even exists -- that she ever existed?

Teddy looks to Chuck, starting to realize what he's saying makes a lot of sense. TOO MUCH sense.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
We have to get off this island, boss.

TEDDY
No. I don't have enough evidence yet --

CHUCK
They knew you were looking into them. And now they have you -- both of us -- right here --

KERRRCCRAAASSSH! the door TEARS from its hinges, BLOWN open by the wind -- and

HEADLIGHTS come SWEEPING across the graveyard, STABBING into the darkness -- as

A VOICE ON A MEGAPHONE BELLOWS over the wind:

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
*Marshals! If you're out here, please signal us! This is Deputy Warden McPherson*

TEDDY
How about that? They found us.

CHUCK
It's an island, boss. They'll always find us.
(unhappy about it)
Not that it matters. We can't stay in here; this whole place is about to come down on our heads.

Teddy looks to Chuck, QUIET DETERMINATION in his voice.

TEDDY
Stick with me, partner. Make no mistake -- we're walking out of this fucking place. You and me.

Chuck NODS. He's scared as shit -- but he TRUSTS him.

WIDE ON THE TWO MARSHALS as they step into the open DOORWAY --

-- to enter what looks like HELL, rain LASHING, wind HOWLING.

Their ponchos WHIP around them like broken wings as the HEADLIGHTS find them, PINNING them in a pool of rain-pierced LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JEEP ON ROAD -- NIGHT

Chuck and Teddy sit DRIPPING in the jeep with a PISSED-OFF MCPHERSON and two GUARDS:

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
(furiously)
Are you out of your fucking minds?

TEDDY
(under his breath)
It's open to discussion at this point --

McPherson just PLOWS ON without listening.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
This thing has just been upgraded from a tropical storm to a hurricane. Winds are already at a hundred miles an hour --

TEDDY
How do you know it was upgraded?

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Ham radio, and we've already lost the signal.

CHUCK
(sourly)
Of course you have.

The jeep SKIDS through the gates, which SLAM shut behind them.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The jeep SPRAYS WATER as it slams to a halt by the hospital.

INT. JEEP -- NIGHT

McPherson turns to both of them.

DEPUTY WARDEN MCPHERSON
Get changed in the Orderlies quarters. Cawley wants to see you. Now.

INT. ORDERLIES' SHOWERS - NIGHT

Teddy and Chuck emerge from the showers, toweling off, to find Trey laying out ORDERLY WHITES on their bunks.

TREY WASHINGTON
I dropped those suits in the hospital laundry. Should be ready tomorrow, if we don't all wash away first. Speaking of which --

Trey reaches in his pocket -- pulls out TWO PACKS OF CIGARETTES.

TREY WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
'Fraid your smokes were pretty much done for, so --

He tosses one to Teddy, one to Chuck.

CHUCK
Mr. Washington, you are a gentleman and a scholar.

INT. HOSPITAL BOARDROOM -- NIGHT

A long TEAK TABLE in a huge, vaulted room on the top floor of the hospital.

DOCTORS sit all along the table, in the middle of a MEETING. Open files and smoldering ASHTRAYS sit in front of them.

CAWLEY is at the head of the table, NAEHRING to his left.

Teddy and Chuck slip into the back of the room quietly.

DR. NAEHRING
-- is why I must repeat my insistence that all Ward C patients be placed in manual restraints.

DR. CAWLEY
Absolutely not.

DR. NAEHRING
Those patients are a danger to themselves, this institution, and the general public at large --

DR. CAWLEY
If the facility floods, they'll drown. You know that.

DR. NAEHRING
That would take a lot of flooding.

DR. CAWLEY
We're on an island in the middle of the ocean during a hurricane. "A lot of flooding" seems like a distinct possibility.

DOCTOR 1
(to Cawley)
It's a gamble, John. Don't pretend it's not. Say the power fails.

DR. CAWLEY
There's a backup generator.

DOCTOR 1
And if that goes? The cell doors will open.

DR. CAWLEY
(exasperated)
Where are they going to go? They can't just hop a ferry, scoot over to the mainland and wreak havoc. But if they're manacled to the floor they'll die -- 34 human beings. Can you live with that?

Naehring gives Cawley a DISGUSTED look.

DR. NAEHRING
Frankly, if it were up to me, I'd put all 42 in Wards A and B in manual restraints as well.

TEDDY
(loudly)
Excuse me --

Everyone STOPS. A SEA of FACES swivel to look to the door; the Doctors STARE, some with BARELY DISGUISED HOSTILITY.

DR. CAWLEY
If you'll wait a moment, Marshal, we're finishing up here --

TEDDY
I just have one quick question. When we spoke this morning about Rachel Solando's note --

Assorted GRINS from some of the Doctors --

DOCTOR 2
The Law of Four -- I love that.

TEDDY
(to Cawley)
-- you told me you had no idea what that second line could refer to.

DR. CAWLEY
"Who is 67"? Yes, I'm afraid I still don't. None of us do.

Teddy looks them over with obvious DISBELIEF.

TEDDY
Nothing comes to mind? Nothing at all?

DR. NAEHRING
(impatiently)
I'm afraid not.

TEDDY
I believe I just heard you say that there are 24 patients in Ward C, and 42 in Wards A and B. Which would mean there are 66 patients here.

DR. CAWLEY
That's correct, yes.

The room seems to be HOLDING ITS BREATH, watching Teddy.

TEDDY
(carefully)
Then it seems that Rachel Solando was suggesting you have a 67th patient.

GLANCES traded between Doctors across the table.

DR. CAWLEY
But I'm afraid we don't.

DR. NAEHRING
(to Cawley)
This is ridiculous. What are they doing here?

TEDDY
We're trying to do our job --

DR. CAWLEY
Wait -- didn't McPherson tell you the good news? Rachel has been found.

Teddy and Chuck both look as FLOORED as they feel.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
She's here. Safe and sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- NIGHT

The wind RATTLES the barred window as Teddy and Chuck stand over RACHEL SOLANDO, sitting on her bed, HUMMING to herself.

Her hair is BLACK, pulled back; her skin is LUMINOUSLY pale. She's BEAUTIFUL -- but not THIN like she was in the picture.

We can't be certain if this is the same woman or not.

CHUCK
(to Teddy, low)
There's not a mark on her.

Teddy glances down -- her feet are BARE, and they're PINK and CLEAN, without a scratch or a bruise anywhere.

RACHEL
(to Cawley)
Who are these men? Why are they in my house?

DR. CAWLEY
Police officers, Rachel. They have a few questions.

TEDDY
We're just --
(glances at Cawley)
-- there's been a sighting of a known Communist subversive in this area, passing out literature.

RACHEL
(horrified)
Here? In this neighborhood?

TEDDY
I'm afraid so. If you could tell us what you did yesterday, where you were -- it'll help us narrow down our search.

RACHEL
Well... I made breakfast for Jim and the children, then I packed Jim's lunch and he left, I sent the children off to school and then I decided to take a long swim in the lake.

TEDDY
I see. And after that?

Rachel stands up, takes a step toward Teddy. She looks unspeakably SAD.

RACHEL
After that... I thought of you.

And without warning, She HUGS him, close, tight, burying her head in his chest.

Startled, Teddy tries to DISENTANGLE himself --

TEDDY
I'm sorry, ma'am, but --

She LOOKS UP at him, puts one of his hands on her cheek. Her eyes GLITTER with tears.

RACHEL
Don't you know how lonely I've been, Jim? You're gone... you're dead. I cry every night --
(anguished)
How am I supposed to survive?

Teddy looks like he's been PUNCHED in the GUT -- she sounds like him, talking to Dolores in his dreams.

CHUCK looks desperately to CAWLEY -- what do they do? But the doctor shakes his head imperceptibly. Don't spook her.

TEDDY
(sounding lost)
It's all right, Rachel. I'm sorry, but it's going to be all right --

RACHEL
(suddenly)
I buried you.

She JUMPS BACK like a SCALDED CAT, FEAR blazing in her eyes --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I buried an empty casket, your body was nothing but blood and chunks of flesh rained over the sea, burned up, eaten by sharks --
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(enraged)
My Jim's dead, so who the fuck are you?

She LUNGES for him, nails trying to SCRATCH his eyes out --

ORDERLIES push past Teddy, GRABBING her and PUSHING her back down on the bed, as she SCREAMS --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Who the fuck are you?!

CUT TO:

INT. CAWLEY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Teddy and Chuck follow Cawley into his office.

DR. CAWLEY
I'm sorry about that. I didn't want to interrupt, I thought she might tell you something, but...

TEDDY is barely listening -- he's PALE, like he's in PAIN.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
We found her down by the lighthouse, skipping stones. We still have no idea how she got out -- but those questions will have to wait.

CAWLEY goes to a cabinet, pours two SCOTCHES and a WATER.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
(as he pours)
I'm going to have to ask you both to go down into the basement with the rest of the staff. There's food and water and cots set up for the night.

He turns, gives the scotch to Chuck, starts to hand Teddy the water --

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
It's the safest place to be when the hurricane hits --

-- but Teddy is RUBBING his temples, as if he's getting a fierce HEADACHE.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Are you all right? You look pale.

TEDDY
(mumbling)
Fine -- I'm fine --

Teddy RUBS his temples almost violently. Chuck looks WORRIED.

CHUCK
Boss, what is it?

POV TEDDY as he looks at Chuck -- his vision is GAUZY, filmed with white like COBWEBS, shot with SPIKES of PAINFUL LIGHT.

Cawley is watching Teddy CLOSELY, STUDYING --

DR. CAWLEY
"Headaches sometimes" --
(realizing)
Marshal, are you having a migraine?

TEDDY
I'm... I'm all right...

Teddy REELS, almost FALLING, Chuck GRABS him by the elbow at the last minute and helping him to a chair.

CHUCK
(panicked)
What's wrong with him?

Cawley is RIFLING THROUGH the open cabinet rapidly -- he finds a BOTTLE, shakes out TWO YELLOW PILLS.

He turns to Teddy, holds them out with the water.

DR. CAWLEY
Take these, Marshal. You'll sleep a couple of hours, wake up clear as a bell --

CHUCK
What's wrong with him?

POV TEDDY, Chuck's voice WARPED and PAINFULLY LOUD, SHAFTS OF WHITE-HOT LIGHT shooting off Cawley and Chuck like DAGGERS --

DR. CAWLEY
He's having a migraine. Imagine someone sawed open your head and filled it with razors, then shook it as hard as they could.

CHUCK
Jesus.

Cawley KNEELS in front of Teddy, puts the pills in his palm and closes his fingers over them.

DR. CAWLEY
Take the pills, Marshal.

TEDDY
(gasping in pain)
No -- don't want --

He doubles over, VOMITS on the floor -- he sits up, almost SCREAMS in pain, his eyes ROLLING BACK in his head.

DR. CAWLEY
It'll stop the pain, Marshal. Take the pills.

Teddy almost SOBS as he SLAPS his hand to his mouth, SWALLOWS convulsively, DOWNING the pills.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
You'll sleep now. It's going to be fine.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

CROWDS of COTS are set up in the cavernous HOSPITAL BASEMENT.

CHUCK AND TREY WASHINGTON half-drag, half-carry TEDDY, helping him to a COT by the door. He's fighting to stay CONSCIOUS.

The building above CREAKS and GROANS with the power of the STORM; the occasional BOOM of thunder SHAKES the foundation.

STAFF AND ORDERLIES are milling around, talking NERVOUSLY, their tension almost PALPABLE.

POV TEDDY as Chuck and Trey help him onto the cot -- Teddy looks over the MILLING STAFF across the room, to see --

A MAN standing with GUARDS at the far door, STARING at him.

The Man wears the same BLUE UNIFORM as the guards, but with EPAULETTES at the shoulders and a standing collar.

His hair is shellacked BLACK, his back RAMROD STRAIGHT, one hand pressed to his back OFFICIOUSLY.

TEDDY
(voice thick, hoarse)
Who... who is that... ?

TREY
Him? That's the Warden. Don't you worry about him.

THE WARDEN is still STARING at Teddy, his gaze PIERCING, like a HAWK fixed on a MOUSE, predatory, ARROGANT --

-- and abruptly, he TURNS AWAY, a small group of GUARDS falling in behind him as he EXITS out the far door.

Teddy practically COLLAPSES on the cot.

TEDDY
Looks like... ex-military prick...

TREY
Well, now, can't argue with you on that.

Teddy almost SMILES -- his eyes roll back, everything goes DARK.

CUT TO:

EXT. DACHAU -- NIGHT -- TEDDY'S DREAM

The STARK, ICY LANDSCAPE of DACHAU, moonlight STREAMING down.

It's no longer BLACK AND WHITE.

Teddy is wandering ALONE through the camp -- nothing around him but CORPSES everywhere, not another living SOUL.

He wears the SUIT he wore to Ashecliffe, not his G.I. fatigues. The FLORAL TIE almost seems to GLOW in the cold light.

He moves past the DITCHES and the RAZOR WIRE, the SKELETAL BODIES sprawled on the ground all around him.

He reaches THE TRAIN CARS lined in their endless row, CORPSES spilling out in a horrific FROZEN TABLEAUX --

and as before, we find --

THE LITTLE GIRL LYING DEAD, ATOP HER MOTHER'S CORPSE

their bodies atop a PILE of corpses wedged in an open railcar.

Teddy starts to walk past them, then STOPS. He slowly TURNS, looking back --

THE DEAD MOTHER has changed -- she's become RACHEL SOLANDO.

Teddy takes an uncertain step forward -- instead of the emaciated, diseased CAMP VICTIM, it's RACHEL, her body healthy, skin glowing and perfect, dead but BEAUTIFUL -

-- and lying atop her, the Little Girl OPENS HER EYES.

Teddy doesn't seem to find this strange at all, as she LOOKS UP AT HIM --

LITTLE GIRL
You should have saved me.
(reproachfully)
You should have saved all of us.

CUT TO MORE DREAM:

INT. TUDOR MANSION -- NIGHT -- TEDDY'S DREAM

Teddy walks through the Great Room toward the huge fireplace. A MAN is SITTING in the wing chair, with his back to him --

-- but when Teddy reaches the chair, it's NOT NAEHRING.

IT'S LAEDDIS.

As Teddy described, a LIVID SCAR twists from his right temple down across his face, to the top of his lip on the left --

-- like a DIAGONAL SLASH MARK dividing his FACE IN HALF.

One eye is MILKY BLUE, the other DIRTY YELLOW-BROWN.

Teddy just LOOKS at him, with the emotionless CALM of dreams, as Laeddis turns to Teddy with a SMILE of greeting --

LAEDDIS
Hey, buddy!

Laeddis gets up, lights a MATCH --

-- and Teddy finds he has a CIGARETTE in his mouth, as Laeddis leans forward to LIGHT it for him.

LAEDDIS (CONT'D)
(jovial)
No hard feelings, right?

He opens up his coat, revealing a SILVER WHISKY FLASK.

LAEDDIS (CONT'D)
(confiding)
Little something for later. I know how much you need it.

Teddy looks up from the silver flask -- to see Laeddis has CHANGED into

CHUCK, grinning at him, friendly, open.

CHUCK
Clock's ticking away, my friend. We're running out of time

O.S. A HORRIFIC SCREAM, high-pitched, THIN, the sound of a LITTLE GIRL crying out in SHEER TERROR.

Teddy turns to see --

RACHEL, smiling, spattered with BLOOD, an AXE in her hand.

RACHEL
Give me a hand here.

At her feet are THREE CHILDREN -- the LITTLE GIRL from DACHAU and TWO YOUNGER BOYS.

TEDDY
I could get in trouble.

Rachel reaches up with her free hand, TOUCHES his face tenderly.

RACHEL
Give me a hand... and I'll be Dolores. I'll be your wife. She'll come back to you.

Teddy looks into her eyes -- then bends down and PICKS UP the bloodied LITTLE GIRL.

As he carries her, she OPENS HER EYES, looks up at him.

LITTLE GIRL
I'm dead.

TEDDY
I know. I'm sorry about that.

LITTLE GIRL
Why didn't you save me?

TEDDY
I tried -- I wanted to -- but by the time I got there, it was too late.

CUT TO MORE DREAM:

EXT. CLEARING BY LAKE -- DAY -- TEDDY'S DREAM

The CLEARING and LAKE that we saw through the window in Teddy's first dream of Dolores.

Teddy and Rachel stand by the edge of the water as he puts THE LITTLE GIRL into the lake --

THE TWO BOYS are already floating like pale logs in the water.

ALL THREE CHILDREN begin to slowly SINK out of sight --

RACHEL
See? You'll be my Jim. I'll be your Dolores.

POV TEDDY, watching THE LITTLE GIRL SINK UNDERWATER

-- she STARES up at him as she SINKS below the surface, eyes BLINKING and AWARE and UNSPEAKABLY SAD.

Her mouth MOVES beneath the water -- but makes NO SOUND.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Teddy BOLTS UPRIGHT, choking on a SCREAM.

TEDDY
Jesus no -- !

He's DRIPPING SWEAT, terrified, PANTING. He looks around --

-- but everyone's ASLEEP. The storm POUNDS at the building above, THUMPING and RATTLING -- his cry was LOST in the noise.

He suddenly reaches for the NOTEBOOK in his coat pocket, flips it open, looking at the QUESTION again:

WHO IS 67?

Someone COMES IN the nearby door, draped in a RAIN-SOAKED PONCHO, water RUNNING in rivulets to the floor.

Teddy looks up as the FIGURE comes closer. The person reaches up, pulls back the slick hood of the poncho -- revealing

DOLORES.

DRIPPING from the rain, hair PLASTERED to her forehead, her clothes STUCK to her body like a second skin.

Teddy stands up, they FACE each other --

TEDDY
Baby, why're you all wet?

He touches her face, she looks up at him, eyes SHINING.

DOLORES
Laeddis isn't dead. He isn't gone.
He's still here.

TEDDY
I know --

DOLORES
Find him, Teddy.
(begging)
Find him, and kill him dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT MORNING

Teddy's eyes SNAP open. He's on his side, still in the COT --

-- but the room is half-EMPTY, ORDERLIES and STAFF up and RUNNING, people SHOUTING, the place HUMMING with PANIC.

FLASHLIGHTS stab in the darkness. The lights are OUT.

CHUCK is standing beside his bed, looking at him with CONCERN.

CHUCK
Storm's over -- you slept right through it. You okay?

TEDDY
Just great, except for the guy running the jackhammer behind my eyes.

Teddy tries not to look as HAMMERED as he feels from those hellish nightmares. He sits up, reaches for a cigarette --

-- and notices one of his hands is SHAKING, a tiny TREMOR.

CHUCK
Power's out. Backup generators failed too, sounds like.

TEDDY
Let's get out of here.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- MORNING

A light DRIZZLE rains down from a grey sky. Teddy and Chuck emerge from the hospital to find

CHAOS EVERYWHERE --

Pieces of ROOF have been torn off buildings, BROKEN STONE ripped from facings, UPROOTED TREES littering the ground.

PANICKED STAFF are racing in every direction.

TEDDY
(thoughtful)
You think the whole electrical system is fried?

CHUCK
I think it's a good possibility.

TEDDY
All the electronic security... Fences. Gates. Doors.

Chuck glances up at the sky, the light rain falling steadily.

CHUCK
Nice day for a stroll, don't you think? To Ward C, for example.

Teddy looks down at their WHITE UNIFORMS -- they look like any other pair of ORDERLIES.

TEDDY
Well, we're dressed for it.

EXT. WARD C -- DAY

Teddy and Chuck approach the FORT that now houses WARD C.

It's a brooding building, jutting off the bluffs, one side facing a sheer DROP to rocky SCRUB hundreds of feet down.

THE PERIMETER FENCE lies WRECKED, GAPING HOLES in several sections; TREE BRANCHES and DEBRIS are strewn everywhere.

GUARDS are everywhere as well, some patrolling the perimeter with RIFLES, some on the ROOF.

ORDERLIES come in and out of the building --

ON THE ROOF, a GROUP of them are HEAVING a FALLEN TREE off, sending it CRASHING to the ground below.

Chuck and Teddy move in with a GROUP OF ORDERLIES, walking past the Guards and going RIGHT INSIDE.

INT. WARD C -- DAY

Chuck and Teddy peel off from the group of Orderlies.

It's DARK inside the building, SHADOWS cut by SHAFTS of weak grey light from the BROKEN WINDOWS. Water is LEAKING everywhere, pooling on the floor.

O.S. SOUNDS from OVERHEAD, deep in the building --

The RUMBLE of RUNNING FEET, SHOUTS and SCREAMS echoing inside the walls -- it's like a MEDIEVAL DUNGEON.

They move toward the STAIRS --

-- and almost COLLIDE with a GUARD, hurrying down. He sees their FACES, misunderstands --

GUARD
First time on Ward C, huh?

Teddy COVERS quickly, trying to look SCARED.

TEDDY
Yeah. Heard stories, but...

GUARD
Trust me, son, you haven't heard shit. You on roof detail?

Teddy and Chuck NOD.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Follow the main stairs straight up.
(MORE)

GUARD (CONT'D)
We got most of the bugsies locked down now, but some of 'em are still loose.
(pointedly)
You see one, you shout, all right? Whatever you do, don't try to restrain him yourself. This ain't Ward A. These fuckers'll kill you. Clear?

TEDDY
Clear, sir.

GUARD
Well get your asses moving, then.

They start up the stairs, when:

GUARD (CONT'D)
Wait a minute -- I know you guys.

Teddy and Chuck FREEZE, both turn to look back -- the Guard is STARING at them thoughtfully.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know you --
(suddenly grins)
-- you're the guys who got stuck with roof detail in the fucking rain!

He LAUGHS at his own joke as he turns and STRIDES OUT.

Teddy and Chuck look at each other, barely holding it together, and start back UP THE STAIRS.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING -- DAY

Chuck is looking around warily as they reach the second floor landing -- it opens onto

A GREAT HALL with an arched ceiling of hammered copper, dark wood floor FOGLED with water and BROKEN GLASS.

An INSTITUTIONAL IRON GATE that was welded across the old double-doors hangs OPEN, unattended.

CHUCK
I don't like this. Feels like a setup, boss. Let's get out of here.

SCREAMS are ECHOING from the SHADOWED DARKNESS BEYOND the gate, CLOSER now, like the cries of the DAMNED.

TEDDY
He's here. Laeddis. I can feel him.

Teddy moves TOWARD THE GATE and

AN INMATE JUMPS OUT

from the darkness behind the gate, wearing only PAJAMA BOTTOMS, bare-chested, his bare feet CUT and BLEEDING.

But he obviously DOESN'T FEEL IT, as he SMILES at Teddy, a huge, welcoming GRIN:

INMATE
Tag! You're it!

And he turns and BOLTS back into the doorway, like a RABBIT vanishing down a hole.

Teddy RUNS after him, Chuck HURRYING behind --

CHUCK
Boss, for Christ's sake!

INT. WARD C SECOND FLOOR -- DAY

The dank HALLWAYS behind the Great Room, rooms on every side -- with ANOTHER STAIRWAY, wide curving IRON, at the other end.

TEDDY RACES after

THE INMATE, who DARTS into the shadows of the stairs.

TEDDY RUSHES after him, PLUNGING into the shadowed stairway --

-- and he's JERKED off his feet, SLAMMED back against the wall as

THE INMATE

WHIPS his forearm around Teddy's throat in a tight CHOKEHOLD.

He starts to DRAG Teddy up the stairs, one step at a time, going up BACKWARDS to keep an eye on the stairs below.

CHUCK (O.S.)
Boss! Where are you?

THE INMATE SQUEEZES his forearm against Teddy's neck -- Teddy's eyes BULGE as he GASPS for breath.

INMATE
(whispering)
I don't want to leave, all right?
Why would anyone want to? We hear
things, in this place. We know.
About the outside world. About
atolls, about H-bomb tests.

TEDDY makes a CHOKING noise, strangled, PAINED --

THE INMATE eases up, just a LITTLE, still WHISPERING.

INMATE (CONT'D)
You know how a hydrogen bomb works?

TEDDY
(gulping air)
With -- hydrogen --?

INMATE
That's funny. That's clever. But you're not as clever as you think you are, believe me. You don't know anything.

POV TEDDY, seeing CHUCK'S SHADOW coming into the STAIRWELL below them -- he tries to DISTRACT the Inmate:

TEDDY
Tell me. I want to know.

INMATE
Other bombs explode. But not the hydrogen bomb. It *implodes*. It falls in on itself, and collapses and collapses, creating mass and density. And the fury of its own self-destruction creates an entirely new monster -- an *explosion* that's more devastating than the implosion to the hundredth, thousandth, millionth degree.

He JERKS Teddy close again, his mouth against Teddy's ear --

INMATE (CONT'D)
You get it? Do you? The bigger the breakdown, the bigger the destruction of self.
(whispers in Teddy's ear)
And you're it. To the nth degree.

CHUCK comes into the stairwell below them, SPOTS them --

CHUCK
Let him go!

THE INMATE freezes for a split-second -- and

TEDDY slams back with his heel, CRACKING hard into the Inmate's knee.

THE INMATE lets go with a SCREECH of pain, as

TEDDY breaks loose, WHIRLS -- and ATTACKS.

He PUNCHES and KICKS with quick, terrible SKILL -- lightning-fast, dirty, BRUTAL.

Teddy's eyes have gone COLD, as if he's in a TRANCE, SOLDIER'S INSTINCTS taking over, nothing in his mind but SURVIVAL.

Teddy is TERRIFYING.

He SLAMS the Inmate down, raises a FIST high over his head --

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(shouting)
No!

-- and Teddy seems to come BACK to himself, PULLS HIS PUNCH at the last moment.

THE INMATE scrambles back on all fours, bloody and terrified --

CHUCK comes racing up the stairs to both of them --

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(horrified)
Jesus, Teddy! Jesus!

-- just as A GUARD CLATTERS down the stairs from ABOVE.

GUARD
What the fuck is going on down here?

He sees the INMATE on the floor -

GUARD (CONT'D)
You got Billings?

-- and the the Guard realizes the SHAPE Billings is in, bloodied, barely CONSCIOUS.

GUARD (CONT'D)
What the fuck is the matter with you? Catch them, not kill them!

CHUCK
He jumped us --

The Guard starts to DRAG Billings up to his feet.

GUARD
(to Chuck)
You. Give me a hand with him.
(worried, angry)
We've got to get him to the infirmary Cawley's gonna have my damned balls. Goddamn it.

Teddy moves to go with them -- the Guard SLAPES at him.

GUARD (CONT'D)
(to Teddy)
Not you. You've done enough damage. Get up to the roof where you belong. Go!

Chuck and Teddy trade a helpless glance as Chuck helps the Guard half-lift, half-drag the Inmate back down the stairs.

Teddy turns, starts UPSTAIRS alone.

INT. WARD C THIRD FLOOR -- DAY

Teddy emerges from the stairs into a CORRIDOR --

INMATE CELLS lining the walls on each side, BARRED doors, with MANACLES and CHAINS used as improvised LOCKS.

There are DARK SHAPES of INMATES in the shadows of the cells -- MUTTERING and snatches of SINGING and ANGRY RANTING echo from the dark walls.

Teddy starts down the corridor, PEERING into the cells, trying to see into the shadows --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(hissing whisper)
*Laaeeedddisssss....*

-- and he STOPS COLD. Teddy WHIPS around, trying to pinpoint the source of the sound, FOLLOWING the sibilant whisper.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Laaeeddisssss.....*

It's DARKER the further in he goes -- Teddy pulls out MATCHES, starts LIGHTING them, one after another, as he passes CELLS.

THE LIGHT FLARES in front of each cell, giving a brief GLIMPSE of what's inside --

A REDHEADED MAN, half-naked, DRAWING a massive pair of RED EYES on the wall of his cell - using his own BLOOD.

A BALD, TATTOO'D MAN squatting on the floor of his cell, SINGING tunelessly, the same snatch of song over and over.

AN EMPTY CELL is next. Teddy looks at it, confused -- and

A WILD-EYED MAN SLAMS INTO THE BARS

only INCHES from Teddy; he was HIDING in the shadows of his cell.

Teddy JUMPS BACK as the Wild-Eyed Man RATTLES the bars FURIOUSLY.

WILD EYED MAN
You're dead, we're all dead, this is hell, we're in hell --

He SOBS and DROPS to his knees -- as Teddy looks down at him, he hears the VOICE again, CLOSE now --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(whispering)
*You told me I'd be free of this place.*
*You promised.*

Teddy moves SWIFTLY to the next cell down, STRIKES another match --

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You lied.

In the flickering light, Teddy can barely make out --

A MAN sitting on his cot in the back corner of the cell, face HIDDEN in shadow.

TEDDY
(quietly)
Laeddis?

The Man LAUGHS, hollowly, his head between his hands.

MAN
That's pretty damned funny.

TEDDY
Your voice...

MAN
Don't you recognise it? After all the talks we've had? After all the lies you've told me?

TEDDY
Let me see your face.

MAN
They say I'm theirs now. They say I'm home. They say I'll never leave.
(pointing out)
Your match is about to go out.

And sure enough, the match FLICKERS out. Teddy hastily STRIKES another.

TEDDY
Let me see your face.

MAN
Why? So you can lie to me more?
(disgusted)
This isn't about the truth.

TEDDY
Yes it is. It's about exposing

The Man STANDS UP slowly, moving into the LIGHT --

MAN
This is about you. And Laeddis.
That's all it's ever been about.

- and his face is a RUIN, lips thick as BICYCLE TIRES, covered with SUTURES, his face a SWOLLEN MASS of bruises and GASHES. TAPE covers a BROKEN NOSE.

MAN (CONT'D)
I was incidental. A way in.

TEDDY
(shocked)
George... Noyce?
(horrified)
It's not possible. You can't be here --

GEORGE NOYCE comes closer, turns his head so Teddy can see the horrifying MESS of his face.

GEORGE NOYCE
You like it?

TEDDY
Who did this to you?

GEORGE NOYCE
You did.

TEDDY
How the hell could I have --

GEORGE NOYCE
(angrily)
All your talk. All of your fucking talk and I'm back in here. Because of you.

TEDDY
(desperately)
George, listen to me -- there has to be transfer paperwork, psychiatric consultations, I'll find a way to fix this --

GEORGE NOYCE
I'll never get out now. I got out once. But not twice. Never twice --

TEDDY
How did they get you?

GEORGE NOYCE
They knew. Don't you get it?
(MORE)

GEORGE NOYCE (CONT'D)
Everything you were up to. Your whole plan. This is a game. A stage play. All this --

He gestures in a way that takes in, not just the cell, but the whole building, even the whole ISLAND.

GEORGE NOYCE (CONT'D)
-- is for you.
(pitying)
You're not investigating anything. You're a rat in a maze.

TEDDY
You're wrong.

GEORGE NOYCE
Really? Been alone much since you got here?

TEDDY
I'm with my partner.

GEORGE NOYCE
And let me guess -- you've never worked with him before, have you?

TEDDY
He's a U.S. Marshal from Seattle --

GEORGE NOYCE
(insistent)
You've never worked with him before, have you?

Teddy stops, the realization SINKING IN, but he RESISTS --

TEDDY
I know men. And I trust this man.

GEORGE NOYCE
(sadly)
Then they've already won.

Another match SPUTTERS OUT. Teddy quickly STRIKES a new one --

-- and he's shocked to see TRAPS streaming down Noyce's face.

GEORGE NOYCE (CONT'D)
They're going to take me to the lighthouse. They're going to run into my brain. And I'm only here because of you.

TEDDY
I'm going to get you out of here, George. You're not going to the lighthouse.

Noyce looks at him with something between PITY and FURY.

GEORGE NOYCE
You can't kill Laeddis and expose the truth at the same time. You have to make a choice. You understand that, don't you?

TEDDY
I'm not here to kill anyone.

Noyce almost SPITS the word:

GEORGE NOYCE
Liar.

TEDDY
George, listen to me. I won't kill him, I swear to you --

GEORGE NOYCE
(suddenly)
She's dead. Let her go.

BEHIND NOYCE, something MOVES in the shadows of the cell --

DOLORES

emerges from the shadows directly behind Noyce. She wears a pale floral dress, FLOWERS in her hair.

She speaks, her voice SOFT. Noyce gives no sign of hearing her -- but Teddy can't tear his eyes from her.

DOLORES
Tell him, Teddy.

Teddy is FROZEN with shock, STARING at his HALLUCINATION.

GEORGE NOYCE
You've got to do it. There's no other way.

Dolores CONTINUES as if Noyce hadn't spoken, eyes on Teddy:

DOLORES
The time you brought me these flowers, and you wondered what sound a heart made when it broke from happiness -- that day, when just the sight of me filled you the way food, blood, air

(MORE)

DOLORES (CONT'D)
never could, when you felt you'd been born for only one moment... and that day was it.

Noyce is still TALKING, he can't see or hear Dolores, his voice OVERLAPS over hers as Teddy STARES where Dolores stands --

GEORGE NOYCE
You want to uncover the truth? Then you have to let her go --

TEDDY
(voice breaking)
I can't.

Noyce lets go of the bars, starts to RETREAT into the shadows of his cell, his voice like a GHOST.

GEORGE NOYCE
Then you'll never leave this island.

The match GOES OUT. Dolores VANISHES at the same moment.

Noyce is a dim OUTLINE as he sits back down on his cot, head in hands -- the same position as when Teddy found him.

GEORGE NOYCE (CONT'D)
He's not in this ward. He was transferred out of here. If he's not in Ward A, there's only one place he can be.

TEDDY
The lighthouse.

Noyce NODS. Teddy turns to go --

GEORGE NOYCE
Hey.
(as Teddy looks back)
God help you.

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Coming out to the stairwell, Teddy almost COLLIDES with CHUCK, who is bounding up the stairs two at a time.

CHUCK
We got problems, boss. Cawley and McPherson are in the building. We gotta fly.

O.S. VOICES from above, coming DOWN the stairs --

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Cawley heard an orderly went batshit on a patient, then got sent up to the roof. He went up to look for him.

Chuck and Teddy head down the stairs FAST.

EXT. WARD C -- DAY

They EXIT the building. Teddy looks at the OPEN SPACE between them and the gate -- totally EXPOSED. No cover.

TEDDY
Don't look back. We belong here. Just keep going.

They walk ACROSS THE OPEN LAWN to the gate, moving at a fast STRIDE, but not running.

Teddy glances up at the ARMED GUARDS on the roof -- CHATTING, rifles slung over their backs.

They reach the gate -- a GUARD holds up a hand. Teddy TENSES --

GUARD
They got trucks to take you guys back. One just left five minutes ago, should be back anytime.

TEDDY
Nah, we'll walk. Need the exercise.

And they keep GOING, out through the gate, as the Guard watches, a little CONFUSED. They make it to the TREE COVER -- and VANISH into the thick stand of forest.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Teddy and Chuck STRIDING fast through the trees, DEEPER into the cover, glancing behind them --

TEDDY
We're ok.

They STOP at a stand of BOULDERS, both SWEATING and NERVOUS.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Where were you?

CHUCK
After we got that guy to the infirmary, I took a little detour -- (triumphantly) -- to patient records.

Chuck starts DIGGING in his pockets.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Did you find Laeddis?

Teddy is watching Chuck -- the words Noyce said are digging like WORMS into his thoughts.

TEDDY
I --
(tiny hesitation)
-- no. No, I didn't find him.

CHUCK
(still rifling his pockets)
Well, I got the next best thing --

Chuck finally finds what he's looking for -- brings out a folded PIECE OF PAPER.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
-- his intake form.
(a little worried)
That's all that was in his file -- no session notes, no incident reports, no picture -- just this. It was weird.

He holds it out to Teddy -- but Teddy doesn't take it.

TEDDY
I'll take a look at it later.

Chuck is looking SUSPICIOUS now.

CHUCK
Boss, what the hell is going on?

TEDDY
Nothing. I'll look it over later, is all.

Teddy stands up, starts WALKING.

CHUCK
Ashecliffe's the other way

TEDDY
Not going to Ashecliffe.

He looks back at Chuck, and there's a hint of a CHALLENGE in his face.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I'm going to the lighthouse. And I'm going to find out what the fuck is happening on this island.

He starts walking. Chuck hesitates a moment -- the hurries after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST -- LATE AFTERNOON

The rain has stopped, SUNLIGHT struggling through the trees.

Teddy and Chuck are sweaty, tired, making their way through the storm-ravaged woods. TREES and BRANCHES are overturned everywhere, making it impossible to go in a straight line.

They SCRAMBLE over another fallen tree trunk, as Chuck PEERS up at the foliage canopy overhead.

CHUCK
It's been hours, boss. Where are we?

Ahead, the trees THIN, more light comes through. Teddy PRESSES ahead.

TEDDY
Almost there --

EXT. BLUFFS OVERLOOKING SHORELINE -- LATE AFTERNOON

-- and they emerge on a ROCKY PROMONTORY.

On one side, the promontory SLOPES sharply down to a SCRUB PLAIN of red-brown dirt; on the other, a long, steep CLIFF FACE down to the rocky shore.

Teddy glances around, realizes --

THE LIGHTHOUSE is BEHIND THEM, further down the shore, behind a massive natural barrier of JAGGED BLACK ROCKS.

TEDDY
Too far north. Damn it.
(turns to Chuck)
We'll have to double back, there's no way to cross those rocks.

Chuck is looking at the SUN, low in the sky.

CHUCK
It's going to be dark soon. We'll never make it before nightfall. We can't cross that forest without light.

TEDDY
Sounds to me like you don't want to get there.

CHUCK
(frustrated)
No, I just don't want us to break our necks!

Teddy lights up a cigarette, looks over the SCRUB PLAIN.

TEDDY
There could be a way if we go down that slope, see what's behind the trees -- there could be a path that goes around the rocks --

Chuck PEERS closer -- then turns to Teddy, FRUSTRATED.

CHUCK
Boss, what are we doing here? We've got the intake form, that's <u>proof</u> there's a 67th patient -- who they've said, publicly and repeatedly, doesn't exist. We get home with that, and they're <u>done</u> --

TEDDY
So what, we just pack it in and head back to Ashecliffe?

CHUCK
We're helpless until we get off this rock! So yeah, we go back to Ashecliffe. We stay low, wait for the ferry, get the hell out of here --

TEDDY
No. I'm getting to that lighthouse.

Chuck turns away, DISGUSTED, pulls out a cigarette.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I'll scout down there, see if there's a way around. It's an easy climb, couple of minutes.

Chuck moves to the CLIFF side of the promontory, overlooking the ocean, obviously disapproving, but biting his tongue.

CHUCK
Fine. But I'm sitting this one out.

Teddy is already headed for the lip of the scrub plain.

TEDDY
Suit yourself.

EXT. SCRUB PLAIN -- LATE AFTERNOON

Teddy half-climbs, half-slides down the embankment, the loose, sandy soil SLIDING out beneath his feet as he goes.

EXT. STAND OF TREES -- LATE AFTERNOON

Teddy moves through the trees, which quickly give way to

A STEEP ROCK CREVASSE, jagged and impassable.

TEDDY
(under his breath)
Dammit.

EXT. PROMONTORY -- SUNSET

Teddy scrambles up over the edge of the promontory, the rays of the sunset throwing LONG SHADOWS over the black rock --

TEDDY
See, I told you it wouldn't take...
(voice trailing off)
... long...

-- because the promontory is EMPTY. Chuck is gone.

TEDDY (CONT'D:
Chuck?
(shouting)
Chuck!

His voice ECHOES into the emptiness, nothing but the CAWING of GULLS and the LAP of WAVES below to answer him.

Teddy notices a CURL OF SMOKE, thin and grey, rising from the ground on the ROCKY EDGE that overlooks the ocean.

Teddy moves toward the SMOKE, dread in his expression --

CHUCK'S CIGARETTE

still BURNING, sits neatly on a rock, as if just put down.

Teddy takes another step forward, looks OVER THE EDGE

CHUCK'S BODY

lies at the bottom of the cliff face, a DARK, SPRAWLED SHAPE half-in the water, waves LAPPING over him. He doesn't move.

Teddy STUMBLES back from the edge, STRICKEN. Horrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF FACE -- TWILIGHT

The air is the heavy BLUE of twilight, light DROPPING FAST --

CLOSE ON A HAND as it GRIPS a rocky OUTCROPPING on the cliff face, fingers CUT and BLEEDING --

WIDEN ON TEDDY

pressed like a CRAB to the almost-vertical cliff face, CLIMBING DOWN toward the shore.

He's DRIPPING SWEAT, breathing hard, hands and feet SCRAMBLING for purchase against the jagged rocks.

Something FLUTTERS near him, caught on a GNARLED SHRUB sticking out of the rocks --

THE PAPER that Chuck showed him. LAEDDIS' INTAKE FORM.

Teddy STRAINS, reaching -- his tendons CRACK as he STRETCHES --

-- and he GRABS it, holding it tight in one hand.

CLOSE ON TEDDY'S HAND -- it's SHAKING, even worse than before.

He STUFFS the paper in his pocket, KEEPS CLIMBING DOWN.

EXT. BEACH -- EVENING

Teddy scrambles over the BOULDERS at the bottom of the cliff, almost to the body. A wave WASHES over the corpse, recedes --

-- but it's not a corpse at all.

Teddy stands stock-still, almost CRYING with relief --

A LONG, SUNBLEACHED WHITE ROCK lies half-submerged in sand and water, thick ropes of BLACK SEAWEED strung across it.

Teddy turns in a circle, cups his hands to his mouth.

TEDDY
(calling out)
Chuck! Can you hear me? Chuck!!

PLOPPP! A noise sounds behind him, he WHIRLS -- to see

A RAT dropping onto a wet boulder, tiny paws SCRATCHING wetly.

O.S. MORE SCRABBLING NOISES -- Teddy turns, looks past the rat -- to see

HUNDREDS OF RATS

EMERGING from the deep CREVICES of the cliff face, noses TWITCHING, eyes GLITTERING in the full moonlight.

TEDDY takes a step BACKWARDS, foot SINKING in the wet sand.

THE RATS plop off from the rocks onto the SAND, SQUEAKING, their eyes like DAGGERS glinting at him.

Teddy starts BACKING AWAY faster, glancing up at the cliff --

POV TEDDY seeing something on the CLIFF FACE above him -- a flash of ORANGE, flickering, subsiding, then FLARING bright.

It's the opening to a CAVE -- and someone is lighting a fire.

Teddy takes a deep breath -- and he LEAPS onto the boulder.

He RUNS over the boulders, JUMPING from one to the next like a kid skipping across river-stones --

RATS TWIST and NIP and SQUEAL angrily as he KICKS them aside --

-- and he reaches to the CLIFF FACE. Teddy looks UP --

POV TEDDY, seeing the ORANGE GLOW pulsing STEADILY now.

He starts climbing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF FACE -- NIGHT

Halfway up the cliff face. Teddy's POURING SWEAT, DRAGGING himself from one handhold to the next, muscles SHAKING.

DOLORES (O.S.)
Go on, Teddy.

He looks over sharply --

DOLORES

sits on a rocky outcropping several yards away, watching him, her eyes COMPASSIONATE, still in her pale dress.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Go on. You can live again.

Teddy GRUNTS with exertion as he hauls himself up, STRUGGLING for every inch. He answers her, almost ANGRILY:

TEDDY
That's it, then? That easy? After -- two years of walking underwater

-- he PULLS himself another few inches --

TEDDY (CONT'D)
- staring at my gun on the end table in the living room --

-- he GRABS a handhold, GRIPS it tight, tranfers his weight --

TEDDY (CONT'D)
-- of being absolutely fucking certain that I can't possibly take one more step into this fucking *shithole* of a life --

-- and he SLIPS, almost FALLS -- and barely catches himself, CLAWING frantically for purchase. He PAUSES, flat against the rock, CATCHING HIS BREATH in harsh, SOBBING GASPS, before:

TEDDY (CONT'D)
After all that -- you honestly think <u>this</u> will be the moment I can put you away?

DOLORES' VOICE comes from ABOVE HIM now --

DOLORES
Yes.

Teddy looks up -- to see her looking down from a narrow ledge in the rock face, LIMNED in orange firelight.

Teddy PULLS himself up more, breathing RAGGED and PAINED --

TEDDY
(almost crying)
I didn't dream you, Dolores. I know that. But - sometimes --
(a sobbing breath)
It's starting to feel like I did.

Dolores crouches down on the ledge, warm light SPILLING around her. She could be AN ANGEL.

DOLORES
It should, Teddy. It should.

She holds out a hand, even as she says:

DOLORES (CONT'D)
(softly)
Let me go.

Teddy DRAGS himself up the last foot, CLAWING at the edge of the ledge and HEAVING himself over it --

INT. CAVE -- NIGHT

-- into the LIGHT of the cave.

He ROLLS to his feet stiffly, sees a SMALL FIRE is burning in the center of the cave, and -

A WOMAN

has jumped up from the fire, BACKING AWAY from him.

WOMAN
(accusing)
Who are you?

Her ORANGE PRISON JUMPSUIT is FILTHY and TORN -- but beneath it, she's graceful and small, with long hair, mid-thirties.

She holds her hands behind her back, she looks TERRIFIED and DETERMINED at once, a wild animal about to BOLT.

TEDDY
I'm Teddy Daniels. I'm a cop.

She tilts her head, looking at him.

WOMAN
You're the marshal.

Teddy is staring at her, the LIGHTBULB goes off in his head:

TEDDY
And you're Rachel Solando. The real one.

She NODS.

TEDDY. (CONT'D).
Could you take your hands from behind your back?

RACHEL 2
Why?

TEDDY
Because I'd like to know if what you're holding could hurt me.

RACHEL 2
Dangerous assumption, Marshal. The instrument matters so much less than the person who wields it. But still --

She brings her hands forward - she's holding a long, WICKED-LOOKING SCALPEL.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
I'll hold onto this, if you don't mind.

TEDDY
Fine with me.

She sits down by the fire, gestures to him to sit on the other side. He STARES at her, through the flames.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Did you kill your children?

She pokes a log with the scalpel.

RACHEL 2
I never had children. I was never married. I was, you'll be surprised to hear, more than just a patient at Ashecliffe. I worked here.

TEDDY
Wait -- you were a nurse?

RACHEL 2
I was a doctor, Marshal.

She looks up from the fire, flames DANCING in her eyes.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
The first female doctor on staff at Drummond Hospital in Delaware. The first on staff here at Ashecliffe. You, sir, are looking at a genuine pioneer.

He looks at her WARILY.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
You think I'm crazy.

TEDDY
(quickly)
No, I --

She waves off his denial.

RACHEL 2
That's fair -- what else would you think about a woman who hides in a cave?

She puts the scalpel on the ground beside her.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
And if I say I'm not crazy -- well, that hardly helps, does it?
(a bitter smile)
That's the Kafkaesque genius of it all. If you're not crazy, but people have told the world that you are well, then, all your protests to the contrary just underscore their point.

TEDDY
I'm not following you.

RACHEL 2
Think of it this way -- once you're declared insane, then anything you do is called part of that insanity. Your reasonable protests are called "denial." Your valid fears are called "paranoia." Your survival instincts are labeled "defense mechanisms." It's a no-win situation.

Teddy, clearly remembering Naehring talking about his "defense mechanisms," is realizing she has a point.

TEDDY
Like a syllogism -- "Insane men deny they are insane. Bob denies he is insane -- therefore, Bob must be insane."

RACHEL 2
You're smarter than you look, Marshal.
(before he can answer)
That's probably not a good thing.

TEDDY
What happened to you?

RACHEL 2
I became concerned about what they were doing. I started asking questions about large shipments of Sodium Amytal and opium-based hallucinogens.

TEDDY
Psychotropic drugs.

RACHEL 2
I began to ask about the surgeries, too. Ever heard of a transorbital lobotomy? They zap the patient with electroshock, then go through the eye with an ice pick *an ice pick* and dig around, pull out some nerve fibers. Makes the patients much more obedient. Tractable.

TEDDY
Jesus.

She POKES at the fire again, getting more AGITATED.

RACHEL 2
It's barbaric. Unconscionable.
(MORE)

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
I told them that, I wrote letters -- and they could have just fired me, dismissed me, but no, that wasn't enough. They had to keep me here. Make sure everyone knows what happens if you talk...

TEDDY
What is it that's going on here?

She looks up at him.

RACHEL 2
Do you know how pain enters the body, Marshal?

Teddy is obviously CONFUSED by the question.

TEDDY
I guess it depends on where you're hurt --

RACHEL 2
(flatly)
No.

TEDDY
But --

RACHEL 2
It has nothing to do with the flesh. The brain sends neural transmitters down through the nervous system. The brain controls pain. It controls fear. Empathy. Sleep. Hunger. Anger.
(leans forward)
Everything we associate with the heart or the soul or the nervous system is actually controlled by the brain. Everything.

TEDDY
Okay...

RACHEL 2
What if you could control it?

TEDDY
The brain?

RACHEL 2
Re-create a man so he doesn't need sleep, doesn't feel pain. Or love. Or sympathy.
(MORE)

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
A man who can't be interrogated because he has no memories to confess.
(leans back)
That's what they're doing here, Marshal. They're creating ghosts, shadows of men. To go out into the world and do their ghostly work.

TEDDY
But -- that kind of knowledge, that kind of ability, it would take --

RACHEL 2
Years. Yes. Fifty years from now, Marshal, people will look back and say this --

She stabs the earth with her scalpel.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
-- this place, is where it all began. The Nazis used the Jews, the Soviets used prisoners in their own gulags... And here, in America, we tested patients on Shutter Island.

TEDDY
(almost desperately)
No. No, they won't.

She suddenly looks at him sharply.

RACHEL 2
You do understand that they can't let you leave.

TEDDY
I'm a federal marshal. How are they going to stop me?

RACHEL 2
(bitter smile)
I was an esteemed psychiatrist from a respected family. It didn't matter.
(eyes him thoughtfully)
Let me ask you -- any past traumas in your life?

TEDDY
(evasive)
Who doesn't have those?

RACHEL 2
That's not the point.
(MORE)

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
Is there a particular event or events in your past that could be considered predicating factors to your losing your sanity? So that when they commit you here -- and they will -- your friends and colleagues will say, "of course, he cracked. Finally. And who wouldn't, after what he'd been through?"

TEDDY
(protesting)
That could be said of anyone -

RACHEL 2
The point is, they're going to say it about you. How's your head?

TEDDY
My head?

RACHEL 2
The block atop your neck, yes. How is it? Any funny dreams lately? Trouble sleeping?

Teddy doesn't answer.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
Ah. Headaches?

TEDDY
I'm... prone to migraines.

RACHEL 2
Jesus. You haven't taken any pills, have you? Even aspirin?

TEDDY
Look, what difference does it -

RACHEL 2
And you've eaten in the cafeteria, drunk the coffee they've given you? Tell me, at least, that you've been smoking your own cigarettes.

TEDDY
(almost a whisper)
No.

Rachel 2 is looking at him with PITY.

RACHEL 2
It takes an average of 36-48 hours for neuroleptic narcotics to reach workable levels in the bloodstream. Before that, the only noticeable effect is that the patient --

TEDDY
(sharply)
I'm not a patient.

RACHEL 2
-- dreams with increased vividness and for longer periods of time.

Teddy's mind is WHIRLING, he's running through possibilities:

TEDDY
Let's say I can't get off the island until tomorrow. If the drugs have begun to take effect -- how will I know?

RACHEL 2
Palsy comes first -- small tremors that start with the fingers, eventually take the whole hand.

CLOSE ON TEDDY'S HAND as it SHAKES at his side -- he SHOVES it under his leg SAVAGELY, as if WILLING it to STAY STILL.

Rachel 2 raises an eyebrow, but says nothing.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
And, of course, the dreams intensify - transition into waking hallucinations. Seen any walking nightmares lately, Marshal?

Teddy looks away for a moment, before he turns back to her.

TEDDY
What goes on in the lighthouse?

RACHEL 2
(frankly)
Brain surgery. The "let's-open-the skull and-see-what-happens if we pull on-this" kind. The "learned it-from the-Nazis" kind. That's where they try to build their ghosts.

TEDDY
Who knows about this? On the island, I mean?

RACHEL 2
Everyone.

TEDDY
Oh, come on -- the orderlies, the nurses, they couldn't --

She looks at him through the fire with clear, steady eyes.

RACHEL 2
Everyone.

INT. CAVE -- NIGHT

Later. The fire is COALS, smoldering against the stone.

CLOSE ON TEDDY, curled up and SLEEPING by the dying coals, as a HAND comes into frame, shakes his shoulder --

RACHEL 2 (O.S.)
You have to go.

Teddy JERKS awake, sees Rachel standing over him.

RACHEL 2 (CONT'D)
You can't stay here. They think I'm dead, that I drowned. If they come looking for you, they might find me. I'm sorry, but you have to go.

TEDDY
I'll come back for you.

RACHEL 2
I won't be here. I move during the day. New places every night.

TEDDY
But I could come get you, take you off the island --

RACHEL 2
(sharply)
You haven't heard a word I've said, have you? The only way off is the ferry, and they control it.
(a beat, then:)
You'll never leave here. You're one of us now.

Teddy stops at the ledge, looks back at her.

TEDDY
I had a friend. He was with me tonight, and we got separated. Have you seen him?

She smiles, SADLY.

RACHEL 2
Marshal.
(shakes her head)
You have no friends.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMONTORY -- DAWN

The sun is PEEKING over the edge of the water as Teddy claws himself over the lip of the promontory. He ROLLS onto the rocky earth, PANTING, exhausted.

Slowly, painfully, he gets to his feet.

EXT. COMPOUND -- MORNING

Teddy walks, bone-weary, up the steep road toward the MAIN GATE of the compound --

-- and a JEEP comes roaring down the road, screeches to a stop beside him.

THE WARDEN is driving. He looks Teddy over with a smile.

WARDEN
There you are. We've been wondering when you'd show up.

He leans over, opens the passenger door. Warily, Teddy gets in. The Warden starts DRIVING again, toward the compound.

TEDDY
Nice to finally meet you.

WARDEN
Taking a leisurely stroll, were we?

Up close, the Warden's pale skin and dark hair are even more PRONOUNCED -- his skin is baby-soft, his eyes bright blue. He's DISTURBING looking, like a child in a man's body.

TEDDY
Just looking around.

WARDEN
Did you enjoy god's latest gift?

TEDDY
I'm sorry?

WARDEN
God's gift. The violence. When I came downstairs and saw a tree in my living room, it reached for me like a divine hand.

(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)
(confiding)
God loves violence.

TEDDY
I hadn't noticed.

WARDEN
Sure you have. Why else would there be so much of it? It's in us, what we are -- we wage war, we burn sacrifices, we pillage and plunder and tear at the flesh of our brothers. And why? Because God gave us violence, to wage in his honor.

Teddy glances at the Warden -- there's something weird about him, something WRONG. It's like talking to one of the INMATES.

TEDDY
I thought God gave us moral order.

WARDEN
(scoffing)
There is no moral order as pure as this storm . . there is no moral order at all. There's only this: can my violence conquer yours?

Teddy looks away.

TEDDY
I'm not violent.

WARDEN
(a snort)
You're as violent as they come. I know, because I'm as violent as they come.

The Warden drives past the gate, into the compound.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Cawley thinks you're harmless. That he can control you. But I know different.

TEDDY
You don't know me.

WARDEN
Oh, but I do. Our kind, we've known each other for centuries.

He BRAKES the jeep in front of the HOSPITAL, turns, leans in close to Teddy --

WARDEN (CONT'D)
If my teeth sank into your eye right now, could you stop me before I blinded you?

For the first time, Teddy looks straight back at the Warden.

TEDDY
(quietly)
Give it a try.

WARDEN
(whispering)
That's the spirit.

Teddy gets out of the jeep, headed into the hospital. The Warden watches him go, GRINNING pleasantly.

INT. HOSPITAL FOYER -- DAY

The foyer is EMPTY -- no Guards, no Orderlies. It's spooky, abandoned. Teddy walks inside, his footsteps ECHOING --

-- as the doors to a CONFERENCE ROOM suddenly SWING OPEN, and PEOPLE come POURING out --

-- pretty much everyone we've seen up to this point. DOCTORS, NURSES, ORDERLIES, even some of the PATIENTS.

They all seem to be GLANCING OVER at Teddy as they disperse, WHISPERING and STARING.

CAWLEY catches sight of Teddy, smiles in greeting, comes over to him.

DR. CAWLEY
Where have you been?

TEDDY
Wandering. Just looking at your island.

DR. CAWLEY
Well, of course you'll be leaving this morning, as soon as the ferry is here. Now that Rachel's been found.

TEDDY
Of course.
(glances past him)
Big meeting.

DR. CAWLEY
Oh, yes -- apparently there was an unidentified man in Ward C yesterday;
(MORE)

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
he subdued a very dangerous patient. Quite handily.

TEDDY
You don't say.

DR. CAWLEY
And it seems he had a long talk with a known paranoid schizophrenic, George Noyce.

TEDDY
So this... Noyce, you said his name was? He's delusional, huh?

DR. CAWLEY
Oh, extremely. He spins very detailed paranoid stories about how the whole world is out to get him. He can be quite upsetting. As a matter of fact, last week a patient got so worked up over one of Noyce's stories that he beat him up.

Cawley pulls a pack of CIGARETTES from his breast pocket.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
Cigarette?

TEDDY
No thanks. I quit.

Cawley leans against the wall as he lights up.

DR. CAWLEY
So, you'll be taking the ferry?

TEDDY
Absolutely. I think we've gotten all we came here for.

DR. CAWLEY
"We," Marshal?

TEDDY
Have you seen him, by the way?

DR. CAWLEY
(confused)
Who?

TEDDY
My partner. Chuck.

Cawley pushes off the wall, looking at Teddy carefully.

DR. CAWLEY
You don't have a partner, Marshal.
You came here alone.

A BEAT, as Teddy STARES - and then he says NOTHING. Cawley takes another step toward him, SMOKE curling around his face.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
You know, I've built something valuable here. But valuable things have a way of being misunderstood in their own time. Everyone wants a quick fix; they always have.

He glances out, at the grounds, as he takes another puff.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
I'm trying to do something that people -- that even <u>you</u> -- don't understand. And I'm not going to give up without a fight.

TEDDY
I understand, Doctor.

Cawley turns back to Teddy, looks him in the eye.

DR. CAWLEY
So tell me again. About your partner.

Teddy meets his gaze steadily, playing the game. For his life.

TEDDY
What partner?

Off Cawley's small SMILE, we --

CUT TO:

INT. ORDERLIES SHOWERS -- DAY

Teddy stands under the jets of STEAMING WATER, washing BLOOD and SWEAT and DIRT in a swirl down the drain.

He puts his forehead against the wall, closes his eyes.

INT. ORDERLIES QUARTERS NIGHT

The room where Teddy and Chuck spent the night. Teddy starts to come in, but PAUSES in the door

-- sees TREY sitting at the table, FLIPPING through a magazine.

<u>WAITING for him to come out</u>.

Teddy slowly EASES back around the corner, out of Trey's sight.

He looks down at the filthy orderly's clothes -- and STARTS PUTTING THEM BACK ON.

MOMENTS LATER --

Teddy PEERS around the corner one more time --

HIS CLEAN SUIT lies folded neatly on the bottom bunk, right by the door -- and

THE FLORAL TIE has SLIPPED from the top of the pile, edge TRAILING on the floor.

Teddy eases out one hand, carefully TUGGING the tie off the bunk, SLIPPING it to the door. He stuffs it in his POCKET.

EXT. TUDOR MANSION -- MORNING

Teddy moves WARILY through the gardens of the compound, staying LOW and out of sight, headed for --

CAWLEY'S TUDOR MANSION --

HALF THE ROOF has been torn off by the storm, leaving a ragged HOLE into the attic. Windows are SHATTERED like gouged EYES.

UPROOTED TREES dot the lawn, debris HEAPED haphazardly.

TEDDY circles around the BACK of the mansion -- just as

TWO ORDERLIES

come out of the back door, carrying piles of TRASH.

TEDDY ducks to the side, darting out of their path before they can spot him --

-- to find himself in a CARPORT, next to a CAR covered with a TARP. He lifts the corner of the tarp -- and SMILES.

CLOSE ON THE TARP as it's WHISKED off, revealing:

A '47 MAROON BUICK ROADMASTER --

a gorgeous car, cream interior, GLEAMING and pristine.

Teddy opens the door, roots in the glove compartment -- and brings up A PACK OF MATCHES. He pulls the tie from his pocket --

DOLORES (O.S.)
What are you doing, baby?

Teddy doesn't even look up to see DOLORES behind him.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
You've got to get to the ferry --

TEDDY

No.

Teddy KNOTS the tie around a SMALL ROCK.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
They won't say both of us went insane. No one would believe it. So they'll have to say Chuck died -- maybe an accident in the storm -- hell, they'll probably say that's what drove me over the edge.

Teddy lifts the license plate, starts UNSCREWING the gas cap.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
If the world thinks he's dead? Then he's perfect for their experiments. Only one place they'd take him.

He looks up from what he's doing -- POV/TEDDY, seeing the tip of the LIGHTHOUSE peeking over the treetops.

DOLORES
You go there, and you'll die.

Teddy carefully THREADS the tie into the tank.

TEDDY
He's my partner. If they're hurting him, holding him against his will... I have to bring him out. I can't lose anyone else.

DOLORES
(pleading)
Don't do this, Teddy.

Teddy take the matches, about to strike them -- then stops, looks directly at Dolores for the first time in the scene.

TEDDY
I'm sorry, honey.
(looks at the tie)
I love this thing because you gave it to me. But the truth is, it is one fucking ugly tie.

Dolores SMILES, chokes back a LAUGH with TEARS in her eyes --

-- and Teddy STRIKES ALL THE MATCHES, sets the tie ALIGHT.

He turns and RUNS LIKE HELL.

He GLANCES BACK for an instant -- to see

DOLORES AND THE LITTLE GIRL FROM DACHAU

standing together by the car, WATCHING HIM sadly.

EXT. TUDOR GARDEN -- DAY

Teddy DIVES behind a low GARDEN WALL, covers his head, as --

KAAA-BLLOOMMMM! the car EXPLODES in a huge FIREBALL, smoke GOUTING up into the sky --

SHOUTS and YELLING as Guards and Orderlies come RUNNING toward the explosion --

-- and Teddy takes off for the FENCELINE.

EXT. COMPOUND FENCE -- DAY

Teddy RACES along the edge of the fence, SCANNING along the top as he goes, looking for a place where the wire is BROKEN --

SHOUTING and COMMOTION behind him, headed for CAWLEY'S MANSION.

POV TEDDY -- spotting

A GAP IN THE ELECTRIC WIRE

atop the wall, razorwire TORN aside from the storm.

He takes a deep breath, makes a RUN at the fence, GRABBING for the TOP -

-- and barely CATCHES the edges of his fingers, SCRABBLING against the wall, HEAVING himself up and OVER.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE COMPOUND -- DAY

Teddy DROPS DOWN, takes off running -- he RACES through the trees down to the SHORE --

-- and DIVES into the water.

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

ANGLE HIGH OVERHEAD, showing the rocky shoreline CURVING AROUND the island, the LIGHTHOUSE at its tip -- and

THE SMALL, DARK SHAPE OF TEDDY SWIMMING

close along the shoreline, staying UNDERWATER most of the time, no splashing -- getting CLOSER to the LIGHTHOUSE.

EXT. SHORELINE BENEATH LIGHTHOUSE -- DAY

A ROCKY COVE beneath the lighthouse, water LAPPING right up to BOULDERS tumbled at the edge of the shore.

Teddy swims along the rocks, HUGGING close to the caves of the boulders as he closes on the lighthouse -- and suddenly

A GUARD comes scrambling down the boulders, from the bluffs above.

TEDDY DIVES swiftly underwater --

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

-- and KICKS DOWN, swimming hard for the shelter of another cluster of boulders --

-- and A DARK SHAPE BRUSHES his leg, sinuous like a SNAKE.

TEDDY

JERKS his head around, eyes WIDE with panic -- to see

THE LITTLE GIRL

suspended in the water below him, her eyes OPEN, watching him, her expression SAD.

Her hair FANS OUT around her face like a sea creature as she SINKS from sight into the shadowed water, TURNING slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHORELINE BENEATH LIGHTHOUSE -- DAY

THE GUARD stands on the boulders, sipping up, rifle SLUNG behind his back -- when

TEDDY comes at him from behind, faster than THOUGHT.

He SWEEPS out a leg and brings him DOWN, GRABS the rifle --

-- and gets his first look at the Guard's FACE; he's a BOY of maybe 19, at most.

YOUNG GUARD
(terrified)
Are you going to kill me?

TEDDY
Jesus, kid, no.

He SNAPS the rifle butt to the Kid's temple.

EXT. BACK OF LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Teddy DARTS across the boulder-strewn field surrounding the lighthouse. He stays LOW --

-- and makes it to the BACK DOOR, which is oddly UNGUARDED.

Teddy OPENS IT, DUCKS inside.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE -- DAY

Teddy looks around -- he's in a dank, stone room, a CENTRAL STAIRCASE winding up. There's no furniture, nothing.

He starts up the stairs.

He goes up and up -- each LANDING has an OPEN DOOR, revealing another STONE ROOM off the stairs, each as EMPTY as the first.

No furniture, no sign of ANY HABITATION at all. NOTHING.

He keeps on going.

INT. HIGHER LANDING -- LIGHTHOUSE -- DAY

Teddy has gone several stories, he's TIRED, dripping water from the swim, hands SHAKING. He turns onto another LANDING --

-- and finds a CLOSED DOOR in front of him.

He creeps up to it, LISTENS against the wood -- a faint SCRAPING NOISE from inside, SHUFFLING. Someone's there.

He stands, braces himself, rifle in one hand --

-- and DOLORES is suddenly beside him, looking PANICKED.

DOLORES
(frightened)
*Don't do this. Go in there, Teddy,*
and it will the be the end of you --

Teddy KICKS IN the door.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY

Teddy DROPS to one knee, SIGHTING along the rifle, COVERING the room --

-- but there's nothing in it but a SINGLE TABLE, covered with FILES and a MILITARY RADIO, and

CAWLEY

sitting behind it, looking calm, not scared or surprised.

DR. CAWLEY
Why're you all wet, baby?

A long, tense moment. Teddy trains the rifle on his HEART --

TEDDY
What did you say?

DR. CAWLEY
You know exactly what I said.

Cawley picks up a pen, ignoring Teddy as he starts WRITING something in his notebook.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
(not looking up)
The rifle's empty, by the way.

Teddy STOPS -- as Cawley ignores him, he pulls the breech and checks the chamber -- EMPTY.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

Teddy walks to the SINGLE CHAIR in front of the table, LOOKING OVER the room as he does --

SEVERAL EASELS are propped against the walls, COVERED with white sheets;

A REEL-TO-REEL TAPE RECORDER sits on a chair in the corner, MICROPHONE on top pointed out, reels TURNING. RECORDING.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
For god's sake dry off, you're going to catch cold.

Teddy looks down at the chair. A TOWEL lies folded on it.

Teddy starts TOWELING himself off, looking back at Cawley as he does - POV TEDDY as he sees --

HIS SERVICE REVOLVER, sitting on the desk by Cawley's FILES.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
How badly did you hurt the guard?

TEDDY
Not too.

Cawley NODS, business-like, and cranks the radio to call.

DR. CAWLEY
Yes, he's here. Have Dr. Sheehan take a look at your man before you send him up.

He hangs up.

TEDDY
The elusive Dr. Sheehan. Let me guess -- just happened to cut his vacation short, and come in on the ferry this morning.

DR. CAWLEY
Not exactly.

Cawley scrubs a hand over his head.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
You blew up my car.
(sighs)
I really loved that car.

TEDDY
(he's not)
Sorry about that.

Teddy pulls out the FORM from his pocket -- and as he does, his hand SHAKES noticeably, he almost DROPS the notebook.

DR. CAWLEY
(frankly)
Tremors are getting pretty bad. How are the hallucinations?

DOLORES is standing behind Cawley's desk, in her pale floral dress, watching Teddy with COMPASSION.

*(Note: Dolores is Teddy's hallucination, so Cawley doesn't see or respond to her.)*

TEDDY
Not bad.

DR. CAWLEY
(affably)
They'll get worse.

TEDDY
I know. Dr. Solando told me the neuroleptics take two days to build up in the bloodstream.

DR. CAWLEY
(interested)
Did she now? And when was this?

TEDDY
I found her. Out in a cave, on the cliffs -- but you won't get her.

DR. CAWLEY
I don't doubt it, given she's not real. Your hallucinations are more severe than I thought.
(sighing)
You're not on neuroleptics. You're not on anything, as a matter of fact.

Teddy is getting TIRED of this cat-and mouse. He holds out his hand like an ACCUSATION, as it TWITCHES and JUMPS.

TEDDY
Then what the fuck is this?

DR. CAWLEY
Withdrawal.

TEDDY
(disgusted)
From what? I haven't even had a goddamned drink since --

DR. CAWLEY
Chlorpromazine. It has its downsides. I have to say, I'm not a fan of pharmacology, but in your case I definitely see the need for it.

TEDDY
Chlorpro --

DR. CAWLEY
Chlorpromazine. The same thing we've been giving you for the last two years.

TEDDY
Right, you've had some guy in the Marshals' office spiking my joe every morning in Boston --

DR. CAWLEY
Not Boston. Here. You've been here for two years.
(quietly)
A patient of this institution.

Teddy just GAPES at him for a moment

TEDDY
I'm a U.S. Marshal.

DR. CAWLEY
You were a U.S. Marshal. And a soldier. A combat-decorated veteran, part of the liberation of Dachau.

Cawley pulls a piece of PAPER from his file.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
This is a copy of the intake form you broke into Ward C for. Proof of the 67th patient. If you'd gotten it back to the mainland, you could have "blown the lid off this place."

TEDDY
I still will.

DR. CAWLEY
And yet you couldn't find time to look at it yet? Read it. Go ahead.

Teddy UNFOLDS the paper -- as Cawley READS aloud:

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
*Patient is highly intelligent and highly delusional. Army veteran, former U.S. Marshal, known proclivity for violence. Shows no remorse for his crime because his denial is such that no crime ever took place. Patient has erected a series of highly developed and highly fantastical narratives which preclude facing the truth of his actions.*

TEDDY
So?

Cawley stands up, pulls one of the sheets off an easel -- it FLUTTERS down like a broken dove. The easel reads:

EDWARD DANIELS - ANDREW LAEDDIS

RACHEL SOLANDO - DOLORES CHANAL

DR. CAWLEY
That was your wife's maiden name -- Chanal? Notice anything about the names? What they have in common?

TEDDY
Nope.

DR. CAWLEY
Here's your Rule of Four -- what do you see?

Teddy STARES at the letters --

TEDDY
Nothing.

Cawley WHACKS the names impatiently with the back of his hand.

DR. CAWLEY
Come on! They're the same letters!

TEDDY
What?

DR. CAWLEY
The names are anagrams for each other. Edward Daniels is the exact same 13 letters as Andrew Laeddis --

TEDDY
No -- that's not possible --

DR. CAWLEY
You came here for the truth -- well here it is. Your name is Andrew Laeddis. The 67th patient at Ashecliffe?
(leans forward)
He's you, Andrew.

Teddy STARES at Cawley -- then LAUGHS, almost HYSTERICALLY.

TEDDY
This is below even you guys --

DR. CAWLEY
(relentless)
You were committed here by court order 24 months ago. You committed a terrible crime, one you can't forgive yourself for -- so you made another self. Andrew --

TEDDY
My name is Edward Daniels.

DR. CAWLEY
No. It's not. You've created a dense narrative structure in which you're no longer a murderer -- you're a hero, still a U.S. marshal, only here because you're on a case. And you've uncovered a conspiracy, which means anything we tell you about who you are, what you've done, you can dismiss as lies.

TEDDY
You're -- you're sick --

DR. CAWLEY
No. I'm desperate. I wish I could let it go, let you live in your fantasy world. I'd like that.

TEDDY
That's real generous of you, Doc.

DR. CAWLEY
You think I don't understand? Why you're so desperate to live as a good man, instead of what you consider a monster?

(MORE)

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
(shakes his head)
But you're violent, and you're trained, and you're dangerous. The most dangerous patient we have here. You've injured orderlies, guards, other patients. Two weeks ago, you attacked George Noyce --

TEDDY
Why would I do that?

DR. CAWLEY
Because he called you "Laeddis." And you'll do anything not to be him.

TEDDY
That's ridiculous. Noyce never called me Laeddis. I saw him yesterday --

DR. CAWLEY
And what did he say to you?
(opens a file)
I have a transcript here -- and this is a quote: *"This is about you. And, Laeddis, that's all it's ever been about -- "*

TEDDY
(exasperated)
He's not calling <u>me</u> Laeddis. You switched the emphasis -- he was saying this was about me, <u>and</u> Laeddis.

Cawley takes off his reading glasses, rubs his nose between his fingers, FRUSTRATED.

DR. CAWLEY
You really are something.

TEDDY
I was thinking the same thing about you.

Cawley looks at Teddy again, INTENT, determined.

DR. CAWLEY
Do you remember asking Noyce what happened to his face?

TEDDY
Sure. I asked him who was responsible.

DR. CAWLEY
And he said -- again, I'm quoting here -- *"You did this."*

TEDDY
That -- it was a, a turn of phrase, he meant it was my fault he was back here, and that led, in an indirect way, to him getting beaten --

DR. CAWLEY
You almost killed him.

Cawley closes the file.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
I've been hearing this fantasy over and over from you for two years now. I know every detail, every wrinkle -- patient 67, the storm, your missing partner, Rachel Solando. The dreams that you have every night. And whenever we've confronted you with reality, you just embellish more, like finding the woman in the cave --

TEDDY
What about the woman you have locked up in Rachel Solando's room? You going to tell me she's imaginary too?

DR. CAWLEY
Her name is Emily Morrow. She's a nurse here. Dr. Sheehan's fiance, as a matter of fact -- otherwise, I doubt she would have been willing to play the part. But she did it for him. Just as he did this for you.

TEDDY
(derisive)
And the inmates -- they were fine pretending to think I was a federal marshal, they just went right along --

DR. CAWLEY
It wasn't hard. They're used to you being Teddy. And they're scared of you. An inmate says the wrong thing to you at the wrong time, and... well, you saw Noyce.

TEDDY
I didn't touch him and you fucking know it!

DR. CAWLEY
The Warden and the board of overseers are demanding that something be done. It's been decided -- look at me, Andrew --

Teddy LOOKS UP at him, Cawley is EARNEST, serious.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
-- it's been decided that if we can't bring you back to sanity --- now, <u>right now</u> -- permanent measures will be taken to ensure you can't hurt anyone ever again.

Cawley looks as if he's in PAIN, the words breaking his heart.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
They'll lobotomize you, Andrew. Do you understand?

TEDDY
Nice act you got going here, Doc. So, what -- Sheehan's the bad cop? He should be here any second --

The door behind Teddy OPENS -- he WHIPS around --

-- to see <u>CHUCK</u> enter the room, looking clean, healthy, totally FINE. He CROSSES behind the desk, joins Cawley.

CHUCK
Hey, boss.

Teddy looks at him, STUNNED.

TEDDY
I -- I thought you were -- I was willing to risk everything to get you out of here --

Chuck looks genuinely CHAGRINED.

CHUCK
I'm sorry about that. I never wanted you to feel betrayed. Dr. Cawley and I agonized for weeks about this before we put in play -- but there wasn't a choice. Someone had to stay with you, keep you safe.

TEDDY
You mean watch me. Every minute. Who are you?

CHUCK
Don't you recognize me, Andrew? I've been your primary psychiatrist for the last two years.
(beat)
I'm Lester Sheehan.

Teddy SHRINKS BACK from Chuck -- DR. SHEEHAN -- in horror.

TEDDY
I -- I trusted you --
(growing disgust)
You were a plant, from the beginning. They knew I was coming, how did they get you there --

Cawley SHAKES HIS HEAD impatiently.

DR. CAWLEY
We're running out of time here, Andrew. I was given two days. It's almost gone. I swore before the entire board of overseers that I could construct the most extravagant role-play in the history of psychiatry, and it would save you. Bring you back.

TEDDY
You expect me to believe you faked this? Everything?

DR. CAWLEY
I thought, if we let you play this out, we could get you to cognitively see how untrue, how impossible it is.
(frustrated)
You've had the run of the place for two days - tell me, where are the Nazi experiments? Where are the satanic O.R.'s? It's not true, Andrew. None of it is real.

Teddy leans back, GRINS with derision.

TEDDY
And how do you fake a hurricane, huh? Tell me that.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
You can't. But you can predict one, from time to time. Particularly on an island. A storm was essential to your fantasy. So we waited.

TEDDY
You guys never give up.

DR. CAWLEY
Andrew, listen to me. If we fail here, we've lost. Not just with you. Everything we've tried to do here will be discredited.

TEDDY
Yeah, that's too bad. And who is "we"?

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Men who believe the way to the mind is not by way of ice picks through the brain, or large doses of dangerous medicine, but through an honest reckoning of the self.

TEDDY
"Honest." That's good.

DR. CAWLEY
Right now, the balance of power is with the surgeons, but soon pharmacists will take over, and it won't be any less barbaric.. People will be drugged senseless instead of being beaten to silence -- but they'll still be trapped inside their madness.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
We're on the edge of medicating the human experience right out of the human experience. Unless we can show there's another way.

Cawley leans closer to Teddy, INTENSE, desperate.

DR. CAWLEY
We're on the front lines of a war, Andrew. And here, in this place, it comes down to you.

Teddy says nothing. Cawley, frustrated, turns away --

-- and fast as lightning, Teddy DARTS from his chair and GRABS UP his service revolver.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Wait --

Cawley turns around to see Teddy POINTING THE GUN at them.

TEDDY
(cold, hard)
My name is Teddy.

Teddy WAVERS the gun back and forth between the two of them.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
This one's loaded. I can tell from the weight.

Cawley looks unperturbed.

DR. CAWLEY
I see. And that's your firearm, Marshal? You're sure?

TEDDY
Of course I am.

DR. CAWLEY
Those initials carved into the side --

TEDDY
Gift from the field office, after I brought down Breck in Maine. There's a dent in the barrel from the day Philip Stacks shot at me and the bullet ricocheted.
(determined)
You're not going to mind-fuck me out of this, Doc.

DR. CAWLEY
Then blast away. Because that's the only way you're ever getting off this island.

Teddy's hand is SHAKING violently now, but he STEADIES it with visible effort, SWEAT running down his face.

TEDDY
You think I won't?

CLOSE ON TEDDY'S FINGER, pulling DOWN on the trigger --

He SQUINTS, sweat RUNNING into his eyes, hand SHAKING --

-- and Teddy FIRES.

WATER arcs from the pistol, hits a startled Cawley in the CHEST, then the FACE. His gun is a water pistol.

Teddy FREEZES in shock, the pistol still aimed at Cawley -- then SHIFTS AIM, SHOOTS at Sheehan --

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
(gently)
Andrew. Please stop.

Teddy DROPS the gun to the floor with a CLATTER. The plastic CRACKS, leaking WATER on the floor.

TEDDY
(horrified)
How -- how did you --

He looks up -- DOLORES is standing over the broken gun. Water LEAKS down from her stomach, POOLING around the plastic.

DR. CAWLEY
(sighing)
Let's try this another way.

He goes to another easel, PULLS the sheet away -- revealing

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LAKE AND CLEARING we saw in Teddy's first dream with Dolores.

But it's marked out as a CRIME SCENE, with 3 small BODIES on the shore.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
This is the lake where your wife drowned your three children.

Teddy almost JUMPS out of his chair.

TEDDY
No, that's -- no.
(takes a step back)
My wife did not kill her kids. We never had kids --

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Your wife was insane, Andrew. She was manic-depressive and suicidal. She hurt the children, and you ignored all the signs. You told yourself sanity was a choice, all she had to do was remember her responsibilities. You drank, you stayed away, you ignored what everyone told you. You moved to the lake house after she "accidentally" set your city apartment on fire.

DOLORES is standing by the easel now, looking at him sadly.

DOLORES
I'm so sorry, baby.

Cawley goes to the next easel, pulls down the sheet --

CLOSEUP SHOTS of THE THREE CHILDREN lying PALE and DEAD on the shore.

They are the SAME CHILDREN from Teddy's dream, two BOYS and THE LITTLE GIRL -- the one from Dachau.

DR. CAWLEY
(points to the Little Girl)
This is your daughter. The one you dream about every night. The one who tells you over and over that you should have saved her, saved them all.

Cawley looks at him with infinite, terrible PITY.

DR. CAWLEY (CONT'D)
Her name was Rachel.

TEDDY
I didn't -- she's not --

Teddy STARES down at his twitching hands.

DR. CAWLEY
She's your child. Are you going to stand there and deny she ever lived, Andrew? Are you?

TEDDY
(desperate)
No -- you're lying, this is all lies, I've found out what you're up to here, and you're trying to stop me --

He looks up at Cawley, MURDEROUSLY -- and sees

THE LITTLE GIRL

standing behind the desk, watching him SOLEMNLY.

From across the room, DOLORES speaks again, SAD and RESIGNED.

DOLORES
I tried to warn you, Teddy. I told you not to come in here...I told you... this would be the end of you.

And the LITTLE GIRL is suddenly BESIDE him.

She holds out her pale, cold hand, TAKES TEDDY'S HAND IN HERS -- and we

FLASH TO WHITE.

INT. CABIN BY LAKE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

The Dolores flashbacks have been BRIGHTLY COLORED, the Dachau scenes BLACK AND WHITE -- but this is somewhere IN BETWEEN.

Grey, DESATURATED COLORS, the hues WASHED OUT and TIRED. A world of dark, heavy EXHAUSTION. Painfully REAL.

Teddy -- his name is really ANDREW, but we'll keep calling him Teddy - is walking into an EMPTY HOUSE. The CABIN, plain and rustic.

He looks BONE-TIRED, loosening his tie, unclipping his MARSHAL'S BADGE from his belt.

TEDDY/ANDREW
(calling out)
Dolores! I'm back! We got him just out of Oklahoma --

He goes into the kitchen, pours himself a SCOTCH AND SODA as he keeps TALKING loudly --

TEDDY/ANDREW (CONT'D)
-- must have stopped ten places between here and Tulsa, I could sleep for a week --

He takes a long DRINK of the scotch, pours himself more, then LOOKS AROUND.

TEDDY/ANDREW (CONT'D)
Dolores?

EXT. CABIN BY LAKE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Teddy/Andrew walks out behind the cabin -- it's the same VIEW from Teddy's dream, and from the PHOTOGRAPH.

DOLORES is sitting in the GAZEBO by the water, rocking slowly back and forth on a PORCH SWING.

She sees him, gets up and comes toward him --

She's wearing the FLORAL PRINT DRESS, but it's SOAKING WET, her hair DRIPPING, her feet BARE.

TEDDY/ANDREW
(confused)
Baby, why're you all wet?

She comes up to him, puts her arms around him and KISSES him, slow and sensual.

DOLORES
I missed you.
(looks up at him)
I want to go home.

TEDDY/ANDREW
(an odd look)
You are home.
(glances around)
Where are the kids?

DOLORES
Oh, they're in school.

Teddy pulls back from her, starting to be WORRIED.

TEDDY/ANDREW
It's Saturday, honey. School's not in on Saturday

Dolores SMILES -- and it's a PICTUS, something HORRIBLE, teeth showing like a CARNIVORE.

DOLORES
My school is.

Teddy takes a step back, with growing HORROR.

TEDDY/ANDREW
(small voice)
Dolores... ?

Teddy STUMBLES back from her, looks around WILDLY --

POV TEDDY seeing three PALE LOGS floating in the lake --

TEDDY/ANDREW (CONT'D)
Oh my god --

He RACES for the water, PLUNGING in headfirst, reaching the children's CORPSES in a few strokes.

He turns the first body over --

THE LITTLE GIRL -- we know now she's his daughter RACHEL -- lies just under the surface of the water, hair FANNED OUT in great dark waves, eyes OPEN and UNSEEING.

TEDDY/ANDREW (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Oh Jesus God no -- not my babies
please God please no --
(screaming)
*Please God no!*

The TWO BOYS bump up against him gently, FLOATING in the water, as he SCREAMS at the sky.

DOLORES watches from the water's edge, HUMMING lightly.

QUICK CUTS

as we watch Teddy bring the children out of the water one by one, tears STREAMING down his face, carrying them in his arms.

He lays them out on the shore, SMOOTHING their hair back, KISSING their foreheads, straightening their dripping clothes.

He crosses their arms over their chests, their tiny hands blue-white pale against his calloused, adult hands.

Finally,

DOLORES comes up behind him, as he KNEELS over the children.

DOLORES
(brightly)
Let's put them in the kitchen.

He turns around, numbly.

TEDDY/ANDREW
What?

Dolores STRADDLES him, in the dirt by the corpses, SMILING.

She HUGS him and he BURIES his head in her shoulder, body SHAKING with barely-contained SOBS.

DOLORES
(soothing)
Let's sit them at the table, Andrew. We'll dry them off, change their clothes.

TEDDY/ANDREW
(muffled)
Please stop talking.

DOLORES
They'll be our living dolls. Tomorrow we can take them on a picnic --

Teddy LOOKS UP at her, eyes BLAZING with LOSS and RAGE and UNSPEAKABLE PAIN.

TEDDY/ANDREW
If you ever loved me -- please stop talking.

Dolores places her hand on the GUN at his waist.

DOLORES
I need you to love me. I need you to free me.

Slowly, Teddy pulls his gun. She CARESSES it with one hand.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
We'll give them baths.

He's CRYING silently now, hand STEADY as he presses the gun beneath her RIB CAGE.

TEDDY/ANDREW
I love you, Dolores.

DOLORES
(whispering)
I love you too. I love you so much. I love you like --

And he PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The shot is like a THUNDERCLAP in the stillness, as she SLUMPS forward slowly into his arms, like an EMBRACE --

-- BLOOD pouring down over her stomach, over his hands, DRENCHING him like the WATER in his dreams.

FLASH TO WHITE --

INT. LIGHTHOUSE TOP ROOM -- DAY

The light FADES BACK to normal -- we're back in THE LIGHTHOUSE.

TEDDY sits in the chair, TEARS running down his face, HUGGING himself, ROCKING slowly.

TEDDY/ANDREW
(shaking, crying)
Rachel... Rachel...

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Rachel who?

Teddy looks up at Sheehan and Cawley -- his face is STRICKEN.

TEDDY/ANDREW
Rachel Laeddis. My daughter.

Teddy realizes THE WARDEN has entered, standing with Cawley and Sheehan. The Warden watches Teddy like a hungry WOLF.

DR. CAWLEY
Why are you here?

It's as if the words are being TORN out of him --

TEDDY/ANDREW
Because I murdered my wife.

DR. CAWLEY
And why did you do that?

TEDDY/ANDREW
Because she murdered our children and she needed peace.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Who is Teddy Daniels?

TEDDY/ANDREW
He doesn't exist. Neither does Rachel Solando. I made them up.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Why?

Teddy looks like he's going to VOMIT

TEDDY/ANDREW
Please -- please, Doctor --

DR. CAWLEY
(grimly)
We have to hear it, Andrew.

TEDDY/ANDREW
She told me once -- Dolores told me -- that it was like there was something living inside her head, an insect, it was smart, so smart, she could feel it skittering across her brain on tiny sharp feet pulling the cables and wires just for fun -- she sat there and said that to me and I didn't, I wouldn't let myself believe -- I loved her so much, so much, she couldn't be crazy, just couldn't --

DR. CAWLEY
(relentless)
Why did you make them up?

TEDDY/ANDREW
Because -- I can't take knowing that I let my wife kill my babies.
(voice breaking)
I killed them. Because I didn't get her some help.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
And.. ?

TEDDY/ANDREW
And knowing that is too much. I can't live with it.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
But you have to. You realize that.

DR. CAWLEY
Here's my fear, Andrew. We broke through once before, nine months ago. And then you regressed.

TEDDY/ANDREW
I I don't remember that --

DR. CAWLEY
I know. You reset, Andrew, like a tape playing over and over on an endless loop. We hope that what we've done will be enough to stop it from happening again -- but I need to know that you've accepted reality.

Teddy looks up at Cawley, his face STREAKED with tears -- but beneath that, a kind of AMAZEMENT.

TEDDY/ANDREW
You came after me. To save me.
(realizing)
Went to places no one else would ever have gone.

Teddy and Cawley LOCK EYES for a moment.

TEDDY/ANDREW (CONT'D)
(deep breath)
My name is Andrew Laeddis. I murdered my wife, Dolores, in the spring of 'fifty-two...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO WEEKS LATER

TEDDY sits on the hospital steps, SMOKING, wearing a PRISONER ORANGE JUMPSUIT.

At the far end of the drive, he sees

DR. CAWLEY, NAEHRING AND THE WARDEN

conferring with each other, too far away to hear their words.

Teddy NODS to them; they both NOD back, acknowledging.

SHEEHAN comes up, sits down beside him.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
How we doing this morning?

TEDDY/ANDREW
Good. You?

DR. CAWLEY
Can't complain.

Teddy takes a deep lungful of smoke, blows it out.

TEDDY/ANDREW
So what's our next move?

Sheehan looks over at him.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
You tell me.

TEDDY/ANDREW
We've gotta get off this rock, Chuck. Back to the mainland. Whatever the hell is going on here, it's bad.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
(a beat, then)
I thought you might say something like that.

Sheehan looks over to Cawley, SHAKES his head.

ON THE DRIVE, CAWLEY turns to NAEHRING and THE WARDEN --

They start STRIDING toward Teddy, four ORDERLIES falling in behind them.

TEDDY/ANDREW
You know, I've been thinking.

Sheehan tries to answer CASUALLY, but his voice almost BREAKS.

DR. LESTER SHEEHAN
Yeah, boss?

POV TEDDY, watching Cawley, the Warden and Orderlies approach --

One of the Orderlies holds a WHITE FABRIC BUNDLE. He UNROLLS it, something GLINTING steel-silver in the sun.

TEDDY/ANDREW
Seems to me... it's better to die a good man, than live as a monster.

He stands up, STUBS out his cigarette.

TEDDY/ANDREW (CONT'D)
Don't you think?

And before Sheehan can answer, Teddy is WALKING toward Cawley and the others.

Going to MEET them.

PAN UP to THE LIGHTHOUSE, staring out blindly over the island.

FADE OUT.